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Hail gentle muse—sweet soft'ner of the soul,
Thou lov'd companion of my lonely hours ;
When sorrow hangs with sadness on my heart,
And melancholy reigns within my breast,
To thee I fly for consolation then.
Or if perchance kind fortune on me smiles
Thou mak'st my bosom swell with heartfelt rapture.

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# PREFACE.

SOME years ago, when the author was in South-Eastern Africa, he heard a story in Natal, that when the earliest explorers or settlers arrived there, they found an old white European woman, living in a Zulu Kaffir Kraal, as the wife of the Chief. She had been many years before, when quite young, wrecked on the coast of Africa, in a vessel bound for India, and had lived there ever since, having children living. She refused to leave the kraal when an offer was made to take her away.

How far the tale is true or not, the author is unable to say, but it is neither an impossible nor an improbable one; the story was told in a somewhat circumstantial manner by an old and respectable Colonist who may be still living, and the author had no reason to doubt his veracity.

This story has been used by the author for his tale in the following pages, with some poetical license and privileges.

It may be said that it was doing violence to our notions of propriety to have married a white lady to a "noble savage"—granted—for though never so noble, he is still a savage; but we have the example of

Shakespeare in his tragedy of Othello and Desdemona and marriages between coloured men and white ladies do take place in America and India, as well as in Africa. Besides, if the Divorce Court (if it be safe to name such equivocal places in a book of this kind) and the records of other Courts of Justice are searched, it will readily be discovered that many a sweet delicate-minded lady has met with a fate than which none worse, in marrying one of her own countrymen —of the same creed and colour as herself.

The stanzas on India may seem slightly tinged with exaggerated sentimentalism, but the author knew a person well, who went out to India with thirteen others, all young men, and, in two years' time, he was one, of two only, who were still living; this however, was in mutinous times: and not one, but numberless instances, could be given of parents never seeing their children from childhood to man and womanhood. What a life! Is not this exile of the worst kind! all who go to India are not "heaven-born," but things are, perhaps, better arranged now-a-days.

If the tale help the reader to pass a leisure hour it will have fulfilled its object, written as it was for a like purpose, when the author was sick, sad, sorry, and in trouble in a dreary up-country Indian station, with no one near to console or sympathise—this may possibly account for its somewhat sombre character. The author has, however, avoided all introduction to those famous heathen gods and goddesses, with which poetical writers so dearly love to adorn their pages to show their classical learning. It may be

added that some of the incidents are adventures of the author's own, or within his personal knowledge, he being an old traveller, with the true wanderer's foot-mark, a mole on the right side of the left foot.

The other fugitive pieces are a few selected from amongst a number, the composition of which has filled up many a leisure hour in bygone years.

RASEIM WILLOWBY.

# CLAUDE AND ETHELINE.

How fair and sweet was Etheline,
With footsteps light, and gentle mien,
Soft eyes of hazel hue ;
Her long and silken ash-brown hair
Hung down her graceful neck so fair,
Half shading it from view.

From childhood's hour her life had been
So calm, so placid and serene,
With cares so light and few,
The lov'd child of a happy home,
She wish'd no change, nor long'd to roam,
But like a lily grew.

Her voice, of sweetest melody,
Would fill the air so joyously
With songs of gladsome mirth.
Her heart was gay and innocent,
Fill'd to o'erflowing with content,
All seem'd so fair on earth.

Thus glided on each happy day,
Warm'd with some bright and sunny ray,
Just like a limpid stream ;
Life was so full of hope and joy,
Like golden years which soon pass by,
Of childhood's early dream.

And now she lov'd a gentle youth,
Who like herself was full of truth,
Whose love was strong and true;
He won her heart in early days,
By pleasant wit and kindly ways,
As past their young years flew.

How happy were this youthful pair,
As hand in hand they would repair,
Along some fairy glade;
Or wand'ring on the river's side,
Watching the gurgling waters glide,
Beneath some old tree's shade.

Ah! who can tell how sweet the bliss
And rapture of each loving kiss,
When fond young hearts thus meet;
There's nought in after-life's dull race,
Compar'd with young love's wrapt embrace,
A bliss alas! too fleet.

And Claude call'd Etheline "sweet-heart,"
And vow'd that they would never part,
But they would ever be
All to each other through long years,
Sharing their joys and hopes and fears,
On life's wild troubl'd sea.

But who can tell in youth's good time
Their future fate when in their prime,
Or what their lot may be?
Fortune may either frown or smile,
Sorrow o'ertake, or wealth beguile,
We know not God's decree.

So years went on, and times did change,
And Claude must now his life exchange,
O'er Eastern lands to roam;
Seeking on India's mystic shore,
For fortune, like too many more,
And leave his dear lov'd home.

Then seated 'neath a hawthorn bush,
Where sings the linnet and the thrush,
The skylark over-head;
The scented wild-rose drooping down,
In whispers low their love they own,
And these fond words he said—

Adieu, adieu, the hour draws nigh,
When thou and I alas! must sever,
A little time will soon flit by,
When we must part, but not for ever.

When on yon distant land I stray,
Beneath the pale moon's mellow light,
And thou art far, yes, far away,
To thee my thoughts will wing their flight.

And as I watch that pale orb then,
Thy form in fancy will appear,
And mem'ry will glance back again,
To that bright time when thou wert near.

If in gay scenes I sometimes dwell,
And happy faces smiles may win,
My heart's fond love none e'er shall tell
Nor know the secret thoughts within.

If in the festive throng I mix,
And fill my glass with sparkling wine,
On thee my thoughts will fondly fix,
And drink a health to thee and thine.

Adieu to thy fond loving heart,
My constancy will e'er remain
Though soon alas! we two must part,
We part with hope to meet again.

---

After many a fond adieu
They parted, but they gave their vow
To love each other well;
With many thoughts of grief and pain,
They promis'd soon to meet again,
Then wept, and sigh'd fare-well.

On board a gallant ship he went
With a brave soul, and bold intent,
Hope buoy'd his heart so young.
As on the famous Thames they glide
Down with the fast receding tide,
The seamen gaily sung.

---

Come let's heave the anchor boys, heartily pull,
The waters are waiting, the river is full;
Adown its broad surface so smoothly we'll glide,
Slow stealing along with the deep ebbing tide.
Haul away cheerily, outward we go
Borne along steadily, yo! heave ho!

One last kiss, one embrace, a sigh and a tear,
With hearts ever hopeful we'll banish all fear.
One lingering look to our friends left behind
Then soon will fly fast swept along by the wind.
Heave away cheerily, onward we go
Singing so merrily, yo! heave ho!

Fond, faithful and loving ones now left to weep
Will pray for us fervently before they sleep,
Little folks we have nurs'd, who clung to our knee,
Will come to us oft in our visions at sea.
Pull away cheerily, forward we go,
Let us sing merrily, yo! heave ho!

There's many a friend who will hail our return,
For others alas! we may soon have to mourn,
While some of us too may be lost on the deep,
For whom many fond hearts in anguish will weep,
Heave away steadily, bravely we go
Singing so merrily, yo! heave ho!

The land is astern boys, the breeze blows quite soft,
Our sails we'll unfurl boys, and hoist them aloft,
The white waves are curling, the daylight is gone,
Away o'er the ocean we bound swiftly on.
Hoist away cheerily, lightly we go
Singing so joyously, yo! heave ho!

Fill your cups to the brim, together we'll drink
To home, love and friends, as our goblets we clink,
Our blessings on all whom we're leaving on shore,
And hope we shall soon see their faces once more.
Drink my boys cheerily, hopeful we go
Singing so merrily, yo! heave ho!

The moon rises slowly from out the dark sea,
The bright stars are watching us silently,
The land we all cherish sinks fast out of sight,
So we'll say one farewell and a last good-night.
Sail away merrily, freely we go,
Let us sing cheerily, yo! heave ho!

---

Away that noble vessel sped,
Her broad sails full and roundly spread,
And bounding o'er the waves;
By Dover's strong commanding height,
And past those frowning cliffs so white,
Which the Atlantic laves.

Claude paced up and down the deck,
With ling'ring looks, till not a speck,
Of land remain'd in sight;
And then he thought of all that's dear
Dropping one sad and silent tear,
And sigh'd a last good-night.

O'er troubled Biscay's stormy bay,
The gallant ship speeds on her way,
White billows round her roll;
Dashing o'er ocean's boiling foam,
Uncheck'd by angry sea or storm,
Or thunder's sullen growl.

O'er the ocean many a mile,
Past storm-bound cape, or sea-girt Isle,
Where winter winds howl hoarse;
Or where the waves are lulled to rest,
Like a child upon it's mother's breast,
The ship keeps on her course.

And round that bold far stretching Cape,
Where many a shatter'd ship's escape,
Has been an oft told tale;
The seamen know that cape too well,
And dread the ocean's roaring swell,
The sweeping southern gale.

But on they sail by tempest tost,
Till straining eyes espy the coast,
A low and verdant strand;
Behind rise mountains high and bleak,
Capp'd with many a rugged peak,
'Tis India's famous land.

From where the Himalayas rise,
Their untrod snowpeaks to the skies,
To Bengal's sultry plain;
The subtle Hindoo tills the soil,
And swarthy natives groan and toil,
For paltry sordid gain.

India—thy shores look bright and green,
Like an enchanting fairy scene,
That dazzles us in vain;
But many who have trod thy shore,
Have known their native land no more,
Nor seen their homes again.

Tell not tales of victories won,
By many a gallant English son
On many fields of gore;
Exil'd from kindred, friends, and home,
Is the sad fate, the bitter doom,
Of those who seek thy shore.

But let that pass, Claude stept on land,
With purpose brave he took his stand
Ready to meet his fate,
Whatever good or ill might come,
India was now his future home,
Nor stood he to debate.

---

A year or two went by, and he
Was prosp'rous as he well could be,
For fortune seem'd to smile;
And now he wish'd for his lov'd mate,
Sweet Etheline, to share his fate,
His lone hours to beguile.

Then came the day, the sad sore day,
When Etheline must pass away,
From out her father's door,
To join her Claude in distant Ind,
Leaving fond anx'ous hearts behind,
For that far foreign shore.

They only who have left in tears
The cherish'd home of early years,
Can know the anguish well;
And the deep bitterness of heart,
Those suffer who are forc'd to part,
And bid a long farewell.

Her father felt his heart o'erflow,
Her mother wept in bitter woe,
It was a painful scene,
To see that father bent with years,
And that fond mother bath'd in tears,
Part from their Etheline.

And gazing in her father's face
She took his blessing and embrace,
His grey head downward borne;
His heart was throbbing in despair,
While her young bosom soft and fair,
With bitter grief was torn.

One kiss her weeping mother took,
And then a long sad ling'ring look,
Upon her loving child;
Then slowly pass'd along the deck,
And hanging on her husband's neck,
She wept in anguish wild.

Upon the Solent's shelter'd bay,
The out-bound ship at anchor lay,
Her white sails closely furl'd;
The signal at her mast-head high,
Told her departure now was nigh,
To sail o'er half the world.

---

Hark! the parting bell is ringing,
Sailing away,
Gallant seamen gaily singing,
Sailing away;
As she slowly moves along,
Look upon that busy throng,
Sailing away.

Seamen by the helm are ready,
Sailing away,
While the captain sings out "steady"
Sailing away;
Many a hasty sad farewell,
Chimes in with the parting bell,
Sailing away.

Now the gallant ship's receding,
Sailing away;
O'er one-half the wide world speeding,
Sailing away.
Bearing from our fond embraces,
Those true hearts and dear lov'd faces,
Sailing away.

Now yon rocky point she's rounding,
Sailing away,
O'er the white waves swiftly bounding,
Sailing away;
See yon signal handkerchief,
Bath'd in tears of bitter grief,
Sailing away.

See the broad sails gaily bending,
Sailing away,
Where the sea and heav'n seem blending,
Sailing away;
Leaving us behind in sorrow,
Thinking of the sad to-morrow,
Sailing away.

Like a speck upon the waters,
Sailing away,
The toy of storms and sad disasters,
Sailing away;
How vague our hopes, how deep our fears,
Gazing there through blinding tears,
Sailing away.

Now the dim horizon nearing,
Sailing away,
Slowly sinking, disappearing,
Sailing away;
From loving hearts 'tis hard to sever,
Parting thus, perchance for ever,
Sailing away.

---

O'er the waves like a noble steed,
The ship bounds on with measur'd speed,
Dashing the spray aside;
From night to morn, from morn to night,
Like a bird of passage in its flight
Borne on by wind and tide.

Many a gallant bark she hails,
Spreading aloft their snow-white sails,
Homeward or outward bound;
She hoists her signal flag "all's well,"
Then dashes o'er the ocean's swell,
Ploughing the sea around.

Day after day, on, on, she goes,
A mighty thing of life—and throws
The boiling billows aft;
Her crew hoist up her lofty sails,
To catch whatever breeze prevails,
Proud of their stately craft.

The gentle Etheline at length,
From fresh sea air soon gathers strength,
To pace the spotless deck;
Her sad thoughts trying to beguile,
Watching some distant sea-girt isle
Which seems just like a speck.

Or gazing on the setting sun,
Its glorious career being run,
Slow sinking out of sight;
Lighting up the broad blue sky,
With richest hues of wond'rous dye
Most brilliantly bright.

And oft beneath the pale moon's rays,
Her thoughts to other scenes and days,
Would wing their rapid flight;
Thinking while watching some bright star,
If other eyes were gazing there,
Their souls would re-unite.

---

Behold Teneriffe's lofty peak,
At whose broad base the waters break,
Then sweet Madeira's isle;
Ascension's tow'ring scorchéd hill,
On the horizon visible,
Behind soon, many a mile.

And bold Helena, fair to see,
Rears its high headland from the sea,
A huge volcanic pile;
None dreamt that yonder rugged spot,
Would be a mighty Emperor's lot
A conquer'd, base exile.

Napoleon,—at thy dread name,
Kings trembled; and thy world-wide fame
Will crowd historic page;
Thy wars of conquest for a throne,
Will to the latest time be known
Till the remotest age.

Pity mankind should be such fools,
As to become a tyrant's tools,
And rush to death for fame;
When foes approach our native land,
We then must make a gallant stand,
And earn a deathless name.

---

Now far up—on the horizon dim,
Rises yon cloud-capt mountains grim,
Which with the blue skies blend;
Cape of Good Hope, or cape of storms
Thy lion-shapéd high peak forms,
Africa's utmost end.

Oh Africa! thy wide-spread land,
Has been to man a problem grand,
'Ere since the world began;
Thy secret mines of gems and gold,
No mortal eye could yet unfold,
Nor thy rare treasures scan.

But the vile slaver's thirst for wealth,
Has track'd thy shores with cunning stealth,
Like wild brute beast of prey;
And from their homes thy children torn,
And thence to lands of freedom? borne,
And barter'd them away.

---

White sea-birds flit both near and wide,
Around the stately vessel's side,
Then dive down in the spray,
The flying fish leaps o'er each crest,
And rav'nous sharks swim by, in quest,
And looking round for prey.

The wild Agulha's bank is cross'd,
Where gallant ships by tempest toss'd,
Have to the bottom sank;
The stormy petrel screams a dirge,
Above the mighty ocean's surge,
On wild Agulha's bank.

The storm-bound Cape was safely pass'd
The crew had weather'd ev'ry blast,
The hours went gaily by;
And all on board that splendid ship,
Thought the voyage a pleasure trip,
As onward they did fly.

The skies were clear, the stars shone bright,
The Southern Cross was now in sight,
The breeze was fresh and fair;
A silv'ry light illum'd the sea,
The waves danc'd round so merrily,
Mov'd by a soft sea air.

---

The Captain spies a distant cloud,
"Quick let go all," he bawls aloud,
And soon upon the deck;
Every mast, and spar, and sail,
Are swept down by the sudden gale,
Leaving the ship a wreck.

And ev'ry gallant seaman there,
Is driven wild with mad despair,
As swept by that fierce blast;
To spar or rope each sailor clings,
While the storm above on fi'ry wings,
Flies furiously past.

The rain pours from a thick black cloud,
And o'er head roars the thunder loud,
The lightning's vivid flash—
Darts from above—the wild waves rise,
Like mountains tow'ring to the skies,
In that terrific crash.

One lurid glare, one fearful shock,
Which makes the vessel reel and rock,
As the waves rise higher,
And ev'ry soul stands by aghast,
Stunn'd by the shock and howling blast,
The ship—it is on fire,

"Quick! Quick! a raft!" the Captain cries,
As o'er the cumber'd deck he flies,
For all the boats were crush'd;
His heart amidst that storm might quail,
But his true courage did not fail,
As o'er the wreck he rush'd.

And there stood gentle Etheline,
Amidst that fearful blazing scene,
All tearless—but quite pale;
Watching with mute astonishment,
The gallant ship asunder rent,
By that terrific gale.

No anxious words escap'd her lip,
As the fierce flame spread o'er the ship,
No sign of fear she gave;
While with loud yell, or bub'ling groan,
Many a sturdy tar went down,
Into a wat'ry grave.

But there she stood—that gentle maid,
Fearing, but yet no signs betray'd,
Though on destruction's verge;
Watching with an anxious eye,
The burning ship; the stormy sky,
And boiling ocean's surge.

Oh woman! 'tis not always thine,
Amidst the gayest scenes to shine,
Adorned with sparkling gem;
But patience when distress doth lour,
And faith, and hope, in saddest hour,
Form thy brightest diadem.

'Midst crashing spars in that wild storm,
The Captain, a rough raft did form,
Out of the shatter'd wreck;
But how so frail a craft would stand
The wild waves, with no sign of land,
None ever thought or spake.

Many a sailor bold and brave,
Was swept into a wat'ry grave,
And many a hardy tar,
Had sunk down with a gurgling gasp,
Striving to seize within his grasp,
Some floating piece of spar.

And the brave Captain, quick as thought,
In his strong arms, he quickly caught
The shrinking Etheline;
And over burning deck and spar.
He bore her on with tender care,
Away from that sad scene.

And fast the boiling waves and wind,
Bore the loose raft away behind,
The vessel's blazing hull;
While red flames rose into the air,
'Midst many a cry of deep despair,
And groans both loud and dull.

From the ship's sides the seamen leapt,
As the hot flames about her crept,
And consternation spread;
Thrice round she turn'd, then a bright flash
Was follow'd by a long loud crash,
Then sank to Ocean's bed.

And thus that noble ship went down,
To depths unfathom'd, and unknown,
Beneath the wild sea waves;
And while above the deep sea roars,
Her treasures rare and richest stores,
Adorn the ocean's caves.

Those on the raft beheld with fear,
The burning vessel disappear,—
Their last hope now seem'd gone,
They gazēd silently around,
To the horizon's utmost bound,
But sign of help saw none.

But while in that forlorn sad state
The winds did drop, and sea abate,
The stars in myriads shone;
Twinkling o'erhead so clear and bright,
Seeming to watch with strange delight,
And smile on what was done.

Day dawn'd—up rose the bright red sun,
Dreaming not while his course he'd run,
Around one half the world;
That the fierce elemental war,
Had dealt destruction near and far,
And devastation hurl'd.

And on the sullen sea there lay,
That wretched raft, when coming day
Reveal'd a sorry sight;
Half-clad and hungry, bruis'd and torn,
Wet and weary, with watching worn,
Their's was a fearful plight.

The gentle girl's weak slender form,
Had battl'd with the frightful storm,
The fair sweet Etheline;
The gallant Captain true and brave,
Had risk'd his own life hers to save,
When death alone was seen.

Twice the sea, like a hungry wolf,
Swept her into a yawning gulf,
Amidst the ocean's strife;
But he dash'd 'neath the angry wave,
And snatch'd her from a wat'ry grave,
And brought her back to life.

Two more were on that lonely raft,
Who clung for life, when the frail craft
Was launch'd upon the sea;
A youth whose mother's heart would yearn,
And pray for her dear boy's return
Whom she might never see.

The other's frame and bronzēd face,
Proclaim'd him of that sterling race,
Which never quakes with fear;
That sturdy weather-beaten man,
The pathless sea in vain did scan,
And dropt a silent tear.

For though his heart was brave and stout,
His keen dark eyes look'd round in doubt,
Upon the wat'ry plain;
Thinking of children and of wife,
Those dear ones precious as his life,
He ne'er might meet again.

No ship was seen, no sail was near,
Not one chance bark did there appear,
From daylight until noon;
And then there came a deadly calm,
After the night's destroying storm,
Till the hot sun went down.

Wearily pass'd the livelong day,
Viewing the sun's last parting ray,
Then watch'd the long night through;
But ne'er a single ship or sail,
Pass'd by that way, which they might hail,
And none their fate e'er knew.

And when the third sad morning came,
The sea and sky were still the same,
For naught could they espy;
The gallant Captain's soul had fled,
The sea became his cold death-bed,
Drown'd in his misery.

The next day when the sun beams shone,
The bronzēd sailor too was gone,
That heart so bold and true;
He vanish'd in the dead of night,
But when his spirit took its flight,
No mortal ever knew.

Thus two from that frail raft had gone,
The youth and maid were there alone,
And they were wan and weak;
For neither meat, nor drink, nor bread,
Had they, but on some raw fish fed,
For one long dreary week.

Silent they sat with straining eyes,
The only sounds, their own sad sighs,
Beneath the sun's fierce blaze,
Their voices low they seem'd to dread,
Like the voice of some one from the dead,
They fear'd each other's gaze.

A gentle breeze arose each day,
And by the current far away,
They drifted slowly on—
When on the faint horizon blue
Were seen the signs of land in view
To which their raft crept on.

Yes, land! firm land, with shady trees,
And wafted by the stiff'ning breeze
The raft soon reach'd the strand;
And dashing 'gainst a sunken rock,
'Twas broken by the sudden shock,
And cast upon the sand.

Worn, weary, sick and faint, the boy
Leapt on the shore with wildest joy;
But overcome with pain,
He grasp'd sweet Etheline's cold hand
Then fell down on the yellow sand,
And never spoke again.

And faint and worn, poor Etheline,
Left all alone in that wild scene,
With streaming eyes look'd round;
A few short footsteps forward trod,
Then knelt and prayēd to her God,
Then sank upon the ground.

---

That gallant ship for many a day,
Was looked for, but none e'er could say,
Where on the dark blue main,
She met with that disastrous gale—
For none return'd to tell the tale,
Nor e'er were seen again.

A parent's hopes are ever strong
And linger in fond hearts for long,
But news to them came none;
A piece of wreck, 'twas a mere strip
With the name of the missing ship,
Was all that e'er was known.

And faithful Claude, sad and forlorn,
For many years did weep and mourn
For his lost Etheline;
And happy faces smiles might win,
But none e'er knew the grief within,
Or sorrow there had been.

The world was now a blank to him,
And all seem'd hopeless, dark and dim,
He ne'er could love again;
And oft alone he'd stray and weep,
From sun-down till the dawn would peep,
Or sing this sad low strain.

---

Oh! the last time we met,
How can I e'er forget,
Ev'ry look told a tale,
Of sad bitter regret;
A bright glistening tear,
Stole from thy dark eye,
Thy bosom heav'd deeply,
A heart-broken sigh.

When first we two met,
All seem'd bright and fair,
In fond happy thoughts,
Forgetting all care;
But now hope has fled,
It has vanish'd and gone,
Like Autumn's last blossoms,
When by Winter winds strewn.

Oft I think of the vows,
That together we made,
And the fond loving words,
We to each other said,
Oft I think of that parting
In sorrow and pain,
How I clasp'd thee unto me
Again and again.

---

Upon the solitary beach
Where sea-birds hover near and screech,
And vultures soaring round;
There lay that lovely pale sad form,
Heedless alike of wind and storm,
All on the cold damp ground.

And the sharp rugged flinty rock,
When the raft struck with sudden shock,
Had cut her tender cheek;
And there she lay, as if in a trance,
A poor lone castaway left to chance
Mark'd by a crimson streak.

Ah! what is that the sea-birds spy,
As round and round they scream and fly,
A footstep treading near—
A strange, uncouth wild-looking man,
Who ev'ry signal stops to scan—
Half doubtful—half in fear.

Look! look! he starts, shrinks back in dread,
Then lifts his spear above his head,
Then forward stoops to gaze;
He sees upon the shingly ground,
A human form with no one round,
And looks on with amaze.

He grasps quite firm his trusty dart,
Which renders courage to his heart,
Then cautious to advance:
With stealthy steps approaches nigh,
Looking to see if none are by,
Then stirs her with his lance.

Then softly, by her bending low,
He touches her pale clammy brow,
To feel if life be there.
Then tenderly he lifts her head,
That from her eyebrows he may shed,
Her wet dishevell'd hair.

Then with a long deep swelling sob,
Her breast begins to heave and throb,
She lifts her languid eyes,
She hears the wild birds' horrid screech,
Upon that lonely sad sea beach,
And feels a strange surprise.

There, in that helpless prostrate plight,
A stalwart savage meets her sight,
No strength has she to rise;
A mildness beams on his dark face,
He seem'd of higher better race,
Pity was in his eyes.

All seem'd to her a horrid dream,
Till she descri'd a limpid stream,
By signs she water sought;
She bath'd her swollen face and brow,
And felt renewing life's warm glow,
Then cool'd her parchēd throat.

And silently he stoop'd to watch
Her slightest movement, and to catch
Her ev'ry wish or thought;
In the clear stream she freely drank,
Rais'd her soft eyes to bless and thank,
And then some shelter sought.

He took her cold thin hand and led
Her, o'er the sea-side's slip'ry bed,
And high up from the beach;
A grassy couch he did prepare,
And bid her for a while rest there,
Far out of danger's reach.

Then off he sped unto his hut,
So lithe of limb, so fleet of foot,
To bring some homely food;
Such as his simple nature thought
Would suit her, this he quickly brought
And soon beside her stood.

Half famish'd, she could scarcely eat,
Yet still 'twas like a rare rich treat,
That coarse and homely fare;
It was a strange and curious sight
To see that Zulu's fond delight,
Gazing on one so fair.

For in that land of darkness, there
A human form so sweet and fair,
Had never ventur'd near;
So delicate of limb and face,
She seem'd of bright angelic race.
From out some heav'nly sphere.

Then on the ground the dry grass spread,
His soft carosse* o'er all was laid,
Beneath a tree's cool shade.
And long and deeply there she slept,
While by her side the Zulu kept—
Watch, round her lowly bed.

Restless awhile with beating heart
Ever, and oft with sudden start
She wildly gaz'd around;
But by and bye her eyes grew dim,
Then sank to rest with outstretch'd limb,
In slumber most profound.

---

* Dried skin rug.

And all that long and silent night,
While countless stars shone clear and bright,
Thus quietly she lay;
That watchful savage keeping near,
And list'ning oft to try and hear,
Whatever she might say.

Day dawnēd and the glaring sun
One half its measur'd course had run,
Before her slumbers broke;
Then looking up, there met her eyes
The Zulu watching her, who tries
To learn if aught she spoke.

They tri'd—but in that unknown land
No words could either understand,
They had one only choice;
So then by gestures, sounds, and signs,
Her wants the Zulu quick divines—
He loves to hear her voice.

To bathe her face in the cool brook,
Screenēd behind a rocky nook,
So feebly forth she goes:
While her docile patient guide,
Walks firmly onward by her side,
And anxious care he shows.

Then the wet sands and rocky beach
Her timid footstep tries to reach,
To find that boy so fair;
But the wild lonely rugged shore,
With fruitless care they did explore,
For not a trace was there

As by the tide the rocks were wash'd,
His corse upon the surf was dash'd,
Then drifted o'er the main;
The vultures scream'd to lose their prey,
And sea-birds watch'd him float away,
Ne'er to be seen again,

She wept in silent sad despair,
While downward stream'd her ash-brown hair,
Oh! gentle Etheline!
By the stormy ocean tost,
A castaway on that wild coast
What a hard fate was thine.

Many a night on that lone shore,
She sat and heard the wild waves roar,
Thinking of her sweet home;
And oft at early morn would she,
Watch the sun rise from out the sea,
Hoping relief would come.

But ne'er a ship pass'd by that way—
From dewy dawn till close of day,
No sail was there unfurl'd;
It was an unknown far-off land,
A lonely outside foreign strand,
Far from the busy world.

And time roll'd by, days, months, and years,
While Etheline shed bitter tears,
Still fondly hoping on;
Summer's sun shone day by day,
And winter came and pass'd away,
Till five long years were gone.

And Tetelago still was nigh,
Watching with grave anxiety,
And ev'ry wish suppli'd;
But care could not assuage her grief,
For nothing came to give relief,
She wish'd she could have died.

And oft the gentle Etheline,
Would wander through some fairy scene,
Where footsteps seldom trod;
Or watch the rapid river rush,
Leaping o'er rocks—or 'neath some bush
Communing with her God.

Where'er she went, where'er she stray'd,
She had no care, was not afraid,
With Tetelago near;
He saw the stealthy panther spring,
The vulture rising on the wing,
And pierc'd them with his spear.

If passing through the thickset brake,
He saw some hissing pois'nous snake,
Quickly he struck it dead;
Many a gay plum'd bird he caught,
Which proudly to her hut he brought,
To decorate her head.

By anxious care and constant thought,
The noble savage fondly sought,
To win her gentle heart;
She seeing in his earnest eyes
Those looks of love, felt no surprise,
But pitied his sad part.

And of that kindly savage man
She had no dread, but soon began
To understand his tongue;
Feeling that she was safe from harm,
No longer fill'd with dread alarm,
To him for help she clung.

Near the Umgeni's dashing flood,
His rude-built kraal all shelter'd stood,
And there he wish'd her stay;
In strange wild garb she too was drest,
And Chief of his tribe, none dared molest
The lovely castaway.

And there poor weary Etheline,
Would sit and think of what had been,
Or watch the savage dance;
But ne'er a wrong was on her cast,
For old and young as by they past,
Would throw a kindly glance.

Around the broad Umgeni's bank,
Grows the rich verdure tall and rank,
But 'tis a pretty spot;
Nature here revels in bright green,
With many a lovely fairy scene,
Which ne'er can be forgot.

In a secluded shady spot,
The Zulu built her a rude cot,
And on each sunny day,
The little dusky girls and boys,
With pliant limbs and mirthful noise,
Would round her cottage play.

Beside her cottage door there grew,
Lilies of most heav'nly hue,
And crimson flowers sweet;
Geraniums of varied shade
Over the ground a carpet spread
Beneath her tendet feet.

And there she sat to watch the dance,
While children look'd with timid glance,
To see her pleasant smile,
Then round her as they form'd a ring,
This plaintive lay she'd sweetly sing,
The long hours to beguile.

---

Sing, sing pretty bird, thy blithesome song,
Pretty and sweet;
Chaunt it merrily all the day long,
Pretty and sweet;
While thy fond mate sits on yonder tree,
Chiming in with the soft melody,
Pretty and sweet—Pretty and sweet.

I love to list to thy lively lay,
Pretty and sweet;
And to see thy plumage rich and gay,
Pretty and sweet;
For when I hear thy glad trilling voice,
It makes my lonesome heart rejoice.
Pretty and sweet—Pretty and sweet.

Away thou fliest gaily singing,
Pretty and sweet;
Through sombre woods thy wild notes flinging,
Pretty and sweet;
Long and loud I hear thy tiny throat,
Making shrill music through the air to float
Pretty and sweet—Pretty and sweet.

Away—away—thy distant voice I hear,
Pretty and sweet;
It falls like music on mine eager ear,
Pretty and sweet;
Now high in the heav'ns I hear it swell,
Then dying away in some bushy dell,
Pretty and sweet—Pretty and sweet.

All is hush'd and I listen long in vain,
Pretty and sweet;
To hear thy soft accents once again,
Pretty and sweet;
But thou'rt gone and I sit sad and weary,
Thinking of my long-lost love and deary,
Pretty and sweet—Pretty and sweet.

But still she felt her dismal lot,
In that sad dreary wretched spot,
With nothing left to love;
Her fond heart yearn'd for its own home,
But through long years no help had come,
And hence she could not move.

And when she saw that dark-brow'd man,
With loving looks her features scan,
Her heart began to beat;
She felt that stern and cruel fate,
Had doom'd her for a Zulu's mate,
And she could not retreat.

And often silent by her side,
The Kaffir sat, and tried to hide
The secret of his breast;
At length her sweet words broke the spell,
And his rough bosom proud did swell,
When he his love confess'd.

'Tis bitter from lov'd ones to part,
Keen is the anguish of the heart,
Which sobs with saddest pain;
The breast will long its grief conceal,
And ne'er its inmost thoughts reveal—
Yet still may love again.

And Etheline in her lone state,
At length became the faithful mate
Of that good savage man;
Let those who pity or who blame,
Be sure they would not do the same,
Before her case they scan.

Great joy was there amongst his clan,
And far and wide the news soon ran
Through ev'ry Kaffir kraal;
Amongst the greatest and the least,
There was many a joyous feast,
As if in royal hall.

On the royal bridal day,
Thousands appear'd in rich array,
From many kraals afar;
Gay plumage for the bride's fair brow,
Brought down by Zulu's skilful bow,
Did 'deck her ash-brown hair.

Dark maids and warriors stood round,
Cov'ring the wide-spread open ground,
And in the air they flung—
Their assegais, which they leapt and caught,
And then the mimic battle fought,
And this wild song they sung.

---

Lo! our mighty Chief behold,
Yebo;*
He is ever brave and bold,
Yebo;
He is tall and straight of limb,
And no chief is like to him,
Yebo, yebo, yebo, yebo.

Like a lion he does tread,
Yebo;
And he proudly holds his head,
Yebo;
Like an eagle's is his glance,
See his noble form advance,
Yebo, yebo, yebo, yebo.

---

* Yes.

Of the bison's hide his shield,
Yebo;
He his assegai can wield,
Yebo;
With good aim the bounding deer,
He can pierce with his sharp spear,
Yebo, yebo, yebo, yebo.

Hosts of warriors at his call,
Yebo;
Strong in arm and limb, and tall,
Yebo;
When our Chieftain leads the way,
He is sure to win the day,
Yebo, yebo, yebo, yebo.

Round his kraal and at his door,
Yebo;
He has cattle many score,
Yebo;
Stores of mead and corn and root;
Also plenty of sweet fruit,
Yebo, yebo, yebo, yebo.

All our Chieftain's children we,
Yebo,
And we'll fight to be quite free,
Yebo;
With the assegai and shield.
To our foes we'll never yield,
Yebo, yebo, yebo, yebo.

While we gaily dance and sing,
Yebo;
The woods will with echoes ring,
Yebo;
And no shiny dusky maid
Shall ever be betrayed,
Yebo, yebo, yebo, yebo.

While our Chieftain he is near,
Yebo;
Nothing have we then to fear,
Yebo;
With his power and his skill,
He guards us against all ill,
Yebo, yebo, yebo, yebo.
And ne'er a foe we'll fear
While our mighty chief is here
Yebo, yebo, yebo, yebo.

---

Then at their Chieftain's sudden glance,
The warriors ceas'd their warlike dance,
And form'd a circle wide;
And then the dusky virgins sought,
Poor Etheline, and forward brought,
The fair and blushing bride.

She stept with stately solemn grace,
No sign of grief on her calm face,
And walk'd into the ring;
Attir'd in costume strange and wild,
Like a savage native's true-born child,
And thus the maids did sing—

---

Welcome to your home in peace,
Hamba, hamba; *
May love's joys now never cease,
Hamba, hamba;
May cattle in your kraal increase
Hamba, hamba, hamba, hamba.

May your Chief be known afar,
Hamba, hamba;
Wise in council, strong in war,
Hamba, hamba,
Long life to this happy pair,
Hamba, hamba, hamba, hamba.

He so brave, and she so fair,
Hamba, hamba;
With her silken ash-brown hair,
Hamba, hamba;
Welcome to this noble pair,
Hamba, hamba, hamba, hamba.

---

And then all seated on the ground,
The loving cup was pass'd around,
With generous mead 'twas fill'd;
The tribe had every wish suppli'd
In honour of their Chieftain's bride,
The fattest ox was kill'd.

And the wild war-dance then began
And ev'ry proud and savage clan
Told of their deeds of might;

---

* *Hamba guschly ikaya*—welcome to your home in peace.

They yell'd, and whoop'd with frantic mirth,
With measur'd tramp they shook the earth,
'Twas a real savage sight.

The dusky maids danc'd round about
With gestures strange, and gladsome shout,
Throughout the whole night long;
That savage, weird, and wild display,
Was kept up till the break of day,
With feasting, dance, and song.

When the wild mirth was at its height,
And the tribes were lost in fierce delight,
Fair Etheline withdrew;
She stole into a secret spot
To think once more of her 'lorn lot,
And weep a last Adieu.

And then her fate at length was seal'd,
Never perchance to be reveal'd,
In this her earthly life;
Ne'er to behold her friends once more,
But to dwell on that lonely shore,
A Zulu Kaffir's wife.

---

In after years Tetelago's name
Was known to thousands, and his fame
Was heard of far and wide;
Wise in council, and brave in war,
Watching with anxious loving care,
His fair and gentle bride.

Thus many, many years roll'd on,
Her parents they were dead and gone,
Mourning her to the last;

But ne'er a ship came near that place
She never saw a white man's face
Since there she had been cast.

Two sons her savage lord she bore,
Who lov'd her ever more and more,
Two noble youths they grew;
One boy was in fierce battle slain,
The other stray'd, nor came again—
His fate none ever knew.

---

The human tide keeps sweeping o'er
The broad Earth, seeking to explore
And distant lands reclaim;
When Ethelinе was bent with age,
And near the end of life's short stage,
Strange news unto her came.

On that lone coast a ship had come
To view the land, and carry home
Whatever they could tell;
Seeking to know what kind of clime,
And if at some not distant time,
A colony might dwell.

The cautious captain near'd the land,
And saw the beach of rock and sand,
As slowly on he pass'd;
And when he found a quiet bay,
Where his good vessel safe could lay,
There the ship's anchor cast.

On board there was a grave old man,
Of sallow brow, whose cheeks were wan,
Bronz'd by India's sun;

He'd spent his manhood in its prime,
In that exhausting sultry clime,
And his career was run.

He had no home for his old age,
A blank was in his life's best page,
And he roam'd here and there;
Eager in pursuit of change,
From place to place on constant range,
To drown his heart's dull care.

Why came he to this lonely shore?
An alien country to explore,
What could he hope to gain?
Sought he some treasure long since lost,
Or wreck'd upon that dreary coast,
Why cross'd he o'er the main?

No thought of gain, nor hope of spoil,
Led him to tread that foreign soil,
But that the time might fly;
For health and strength had passed away,
He felt that at no distant day,
He must lie down and die.

Thus on the shore he'd idly stray,
Picking up shells from out the spray,
Or in some quiet nook,
Watching the clouds begin to lour,
He'd sit and while away each hour,
Reading some favourite book.

One day beneath the palm tree shade,
Close to a Kaffir's hut he strayed,
And started, seeing there
A "pale-faced" woman, grave and sweet
With an aged Zulu at her feet,
Who watched with tender care.

Upon her face he stopt to gaze,
Their eyes met with a strange amaze,
He scann'd that face so fair,
Her soft eyes shone with sudden gleam,
As if recalling some lost dream,
Down fell her snow-white hair.

A strange thought quickly cross'd his mind
She look'd familiar and refin'd,
What could she e'er have been?
He gaz'd again, caught one more glance,
And then she swoon'd as in a trance,
'Twas Claude and Etheline.

Good God! he cri'd, what do I see?
My long-lost love—how can this be?
What! what! can all this mean?
Oh! do I then again behold
That fair sweet girl grown grey and old,
My gentle Etheline?

She started up at that strange voice,
It was her Claude—her young heart's choice,
Alas! alas! she cri'd,
He clasp'd her in his fond embrace,
She sadly look'd into his face,
Gave one deep sigh—and died.

She died—and takes her long long rest,
Where the timid love-bird builds its nest,
Down in a dewy dell;
A rudely fashion'd stone-built grot,
Marks that lowly hallowed spot,
And her sad end doth tell.

That faithful savage watchēd there,
Wailing his loss in wild despair,
Beside her lonely tomb;
His brow was bald—white were his locks,
He wander'd o'er the lonely rocks,
Waiting his earthly doom.

Claude wept beside her lowly grave,
Listening to the sad sea wave,
As it rose day by day;
He learnt the tale how the ship was lost,
And Etheline on the beach was tost,
A lonely castaway.

And soon he ceas'd abroad to roam,
But sought his early English home,
Down by the silv'ry Tees;
Where he and Etheline had play'd,
Or hand in hand together stray'd
'Neath overhanging trees.

'Tis years since he was dead and gone,
But a tablet of fair white stone
In the old church aisle is seen.
It tells the tale not soon forgot
Of the sad fate, the cruel lot
Of Claude and Etheline,

# FUGITIVE PIECES.

# FUGITIVE PIECES.

## AMBITION.

AMBITION that huge monster of the mind,
What is its end and what is all its aim ?
Ambition that dread scourge of human kind
Burns in the bosom like a blazing flame
And madly man pursues that phantom, Fame,
Eager to draw and wield the blood-stain'd knife,
To gain that useless bubble a great name,
Panting for glory reckless of his life
And plunging with savage fury into the hottest strife.

Satan once dwelt an angel up in heaven,
But mad ambition fir'd his daring soul ;
From his High Throne he fain would God have driven
And rul'd supreme the Eternal King o'er all.
But the Almighty did his power control
And all the hosts that with him dared rebel,
God's thund'ring vengeance terribly did fall
And hurl'd them headlong vanquish'd into hell,
In torments and black darkness for ever there to dwell.

When dread ambition rears its head on Earth
With frantic fierceness raging to and fro,
In giant form stalks forth and as in mirth
Hurls kings from off their thrones, lays empires low ;
With whirlwind fury dealing each fell blow,
While mighty kingdoms built on ages quake
And panic-struck stout hearts in terror bow,
Stern warriors stand aghast ; and even make
The very earth to its foundations shake.

The battle scene—who can its horrors paint,
Men's dying shrieks, howls, agonies and groans;
Death is the cry, loud yells to heav'n are sent
Which tramp of steed and cannon's roar half drowns.
Here hell rejoices, but High Heaven frowns,
Confusion, slaughter, ruin, fire increase,
The plain is drench'd with blood, bestrew'd with bones.
Such are ambition's elements, and these
Spread pestilence, famine, sorrow and disease.

Napoleon, that fiend in human shape,
Who plungēd Europe into one vast broil,
While France from thraldom eager to escape,
And bring back freedom to her native soil,
Became his tool; her sons his slaves servile—
In homage set him up o'er them to reign:
He led them on through plunder, rapine, spoil,
States overthrew, burnt cities to the plain;
Millions of men were by him sacrificed and slain.

What tongue can the anguish of a hero tell?
When all his pomp and pride are overthrown—
By those he rul'd, but goaded to rebel.—
He steps into a prison from a throne;
Or on some seagirt isle he's left to groan,
And brood in silence on the fearful past,
For which not years of torture can atone.
He howls in madness like the stormy blast
And to the monster pride a victim dies at last.

From age to age ambition's direful sway
Has been the scourge and terror of mankind;
Kings, conquerors, tyrants, priests have had their day
And each has tri'd the human soul to bind
And keep in bondage vile the immortal mind.
But fetter'd long the soul can never be—
Justice with reason and sense of wrongs combin'd
Arise in one wild whirlwind to be free
And dash to the earth all blood-stain'd tyranny.

Ambition knows no bounds, but fain would clasp
All mind, might, pow'r that 'neath its influence came;
Yea, clutch the world within its puny grasp
Pois'd on the highest pinnacle of fame
By all ador'd and all men's homage claim.
But thou, O death! can'st curb ambition's sway
When thou lay'st hold of man's poor feeble frame;
Then like the mist his glory fades away
And naught is left but a poor helpless piece of clay.

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## THE VOW.

THE moon rode high in a bright blue sky
And all was hushed and still,
No sigh or sound was heard all around
Save the murm'ring of a rill.

As the bright stars shone, there wander'd alone,
Along through the silent vale,
A lonely man with cheeks pale and wan,
And he breath'd a sorrowful tale—

Say would'st thou know his tale of woe?
What rends his lonely breast?
Then draw thee near and thou shalt hear
What 'tis disturbs his rest.

With heart once light and prospects bright
Began he his career,
And he was gay as a summer's day
When all is fair and clear.

He yearn'd to claim an honour'd name
Amongst the wise and the good,
He wish'd to climb to those heights sublime
Where none but the great e'er stood.

And he did gain what few could attain
'Ere many years had sped;
But soon there came a blight to his fame
And all his fond hopes fled.

He fondly lov'd and was belov'd
And plighted a lover's vow,
Stern Fate's decree said it should not be,
But dealt forth its ruthless blow.

And now he doth roam without a home,
And dreams of bright days gone;
To the midnight gale he breathes his tale,
Or wanders pensive on.

He once could jest, and laugh with the best,
And trip with the pliant limb;
But the mazy dance and fair maid's glance
Hath now no charms for him.

Where! where! is she? whom he lov'd to see,
And whom he gave his vow?
She sits by her hearth—surrounded by mirth,
And she hath forgotten him now.

Let the moon ride high in the bright blue sky
As it shone when he gave his vow,
But now all in vain—he may complain,
All hope has vanish'd now.

He may sigh and weep, till the dawn doth peep,
Or muse by the wild sea shore;
But the world to him has grown dark and dim,
For he can love no more.

## MY NATIVE LAND, TATA.

ADIEU! adieu! my native land,
Farewell my haunts so dear;
Adieu to all those shops so grand,
Where they sell ginger beer.

Adieu to London's crowded streets,
Where strut so many stars,
All lighted up with bright gas lamps
And scented with cigars.

Adieu, ye gorgeous palaces
To Bacchus dedicated,
Where crowds of midnight revellers
In clouds of smoke are seated.

Adieu to every much lov'd spot
Where dwelt a sweetheart dear,
I'll choke my grief with handkerchief
One work'd for me last year.

Away regrets—fast, fast I glide
Across the briny ocean,
And leaning o'er the vessel's side
I feel a strange emotion.

I feel, oh! dear, so very queer,
Oh! steward bring some liquor.
Adown my cheeks roll many a tear,
Oh! lord, I'm getting sicker.

Adieu! my friends, farewell my foes—
For I go far awâ,
When I come back again God knows,
My native land, Ta-ta.

## CUPID.

CUPID dreamt there was a place called Earth,
And straightway in his shallop hasten'd to it,
He thought, rash boy! 'twas full of love and mirth,
And little dreamt how soon he'd have to rue it.

With bow in hand and arrows all prepar'd
He landed on Earth's shores so bright and glowing.
And saw around about both far and near
Sylphs, nymphs and faëries all with love o'erflowing.

He gazed with rapturous pleasure and delight,
His fond eyes resting on their pretty faces;
He view'd them tripping joyously around,
And long'd to shumber in their sweet embraces.

At length his eyes were fix'd on one lov'd form
Which in the throng seem'd fairest and most youthful,
And as he watch'd her gaily trip along
He thought she was most loving, sweet and truthful.

Others just caught his roving wandering eye
As through the sylvan groves of earth he ventur'd,
But on his favoured nymph the most of all
His anx'ous thoughts were ever firmly center'd.

But like a timid fawn, whene'er he came
A little near unto the one he courted,
She sprang away behind some shady bush
And then she laugh'd and danc'd and gaily sported.

At length within a thicket she was caught,
Cupid, sly youth, was ready with his dart,
And thought she'd soon be his just as he thought
If he could pierce her tender little heart.

But, rash and thoughtless youth, he soon discover'd
With a steel armour she was safe surrounded;
His broken arrow fell upon the ground
And with a merry laugh away she bounded.

Poor little Cupid sadly griev'd to feel
The bitter anguish of love's first beginning,
But still he did not die with his despair—
He lov'd, and thought the lov'd one worth the winning.

Sad he looked and worn out with pursuing,
Not like the Boy he was so bright and jolly,
His eyes had lost their lustre, and he seemed
The victim of despair and melancholy.

And seated by a limpid brook to lave
His burning temples, which were in a fever,
He wish'd he were once safe away from Earth,
And he'd relinquish making love for ever.

His little limbs were bruis'd and sore and bleeding,
By thorns and briars torn when swift pursuing—
The fair one who had caught his boyish fancy.
He look'd a creature on the verge of ruin.

His bow unstrung was lying on the ground,
His quiver held a few old broken arrows,
And gazing wildly, vacantly around
He dropt a tear and tri'd to drown his sorrows.

But picking up his arrows and his bow
In full pursuit away again he started:
He thought the nymph would in a little time
Become less wilful and more tender hearted.

Through sylvan groves and mazy shady paths
In close pursuit young Cupid follow'd after,
While o'er each tangled track and mossy glade
The fair ones flew, shouting with mirth and laughter.

And ever the mischievous little syrens
Danced round the boy, casting their wily glances,
Whilst he became enchanted with their singing
Or else bewildered in their mazy dances.

Sometimes one bolder caught him from behind
And o'er his eyes her faëry hands would clasp,
And thus poor Cupid, struggling and blind,
In vain would try her supple form to grasp.

No sleep had he, poor youth, for still the faëry
Would not consent to listen to his vows,
He sought and woo'd till he was sad and weary,
But still she would not be poor Cupid's spouse.

One stray and timid faëry who was wont
To wander oft alone the world forgetting,
Was seated on a mossy bank beyond,
With feet in brook and little fishes netting.

She spied poor Cupid lying on the ground,
And flew to see why the dear boy was grieving;
She sooth'd his anguish, dress'd each sore and wound,
Caress'd and kiss'd him, all his wants relieving.

The little maiden was so kind and good
That Cupid's heart was soon restor'd and righted.
And day by day they grew so pleas'd and charm'd
That in the end they were in love united.

And now they dwell upon a seagirt isle,
Where all is bright and joyous, sweet and charming;
He basks within the sunshine of her smile,
And little Cupids round about are swarming.

## A. M. O.

As on the list'ning ear soft music falls
When echoed from each rocky dell and grove,
So those fond words the eager heart recals,
I love.

Morning's fresh dewdrops glisten bright and clear,
Like precious gems when lighted from above,
So the eye sparkles when those words we hear,
I love.

On foreign strands full many a league away
And distant lands wherever we may rove,
Oft the heart yearns to hear some dear one say,
I love.

---

## SOPHIE.

### HIS STORY.

Now Sophie was a charming girl,
A little over one and twenty;
Bright smile, blue eyes and hair a-curl,
But neither prim, nor proud nor dainty.

A well-made form, a pleasing face,
P'rhaps not a model from the Antique,
But though no nymph she walk'd with grace,
Not sentimental or romantic.

We stroll'd one sultry summer's day
Along the meadows green as could be,
We talk'd quite coolly by the way
And never spoke of love, why should we?

"Two heads are of more use than one"
I just remark'd as speaking gently;
"If both are empty ones, then none—
Can see the use"—she answer'd quaintly.

I said, Why pay ourselves so poor—
A compliment, suppose we try it.
She said 'twas better to be sure,
The bright side's best she'd not deny it.

We made no fuss, gave no fond vow,
But joined hands without more bother—
For worse or better, this is how
We came to know and love each other.

My Sophie's neither grand nor gay,
But always cheerful, bright and rosy,
When seated at the close of day
We are so happy, nice and cosy.

---

## CHARLIE.

### HER STORY.

Oh! Charlie was a nice young man,
Steady, sedate and most attentive;
He'd take my arm or hold my fan,
But not poetical or plaintive.

A tall, fine looking well made youth,
Good-natur'd face and eyes most pleasing;
Whose lips spoke nothing but the truth,
But still he would at times be teasing.

One day, as we were quite alone,
To be his own he tri'd to tempt me:
"Two heads are of more use than one,"
"Not much," said I, "if both are empty."

An empty head is very bad,
But there's a matter much more worse is;
Which makes folks look extremely sad,
That's when there's naught but empty purses.

He said he was not penniless,
Not rich or grand, or of high rank, or—
Quite a Prince—but he would confess
He'd got ten thousand with his banker.

What could I say, what more desire,
I own'd I lik'd him rather coldly,
To gain my hand* was his desire—
"Now will you marry," he said boldly.

I then and there made up my mind—
Poor youth, I felt a sort of pity;
I've found his heart both true and kind,
And he's a Merchant in the City.

Before I used to concerts go,
But now I find it is serener
To be with Charlie always, so—
I play at home on the concertina.

---

* *Query* head.

## PADDLE MY OLD CANOE.

FULL many a clime I've seen in my time,
For I've wandered the wide world through ;
But no longer I range in search of change,
Or paddle my old canoe.

I'm sorry to say my hair's growing grey,
And of sorrows I've got not a few;
It's a weary life in this ocean of strife,
To paddle an old canoe.

*Chorus.* It's all very well to live like a swell,
But mind you don't live to rue,
It's a dreary end such a life to spend
And paddle an old canoe.

I've got no wife to comfort my life,
My lover she proved untrue;
I've no one to cheer, or sing and steer,
As I paddle my old canoe.

My days are weary, my nights are dreary,
I hardly know what to do—
I've lost my health, and all by myself
I paddle my old canoe.

*Chorus.* It's all very prime, in your youthful time,
Your cash around you to strew,
But it's a lonesome fate, without a mate,
To paddle your old canoe.

I'd many a friend, when I'd money to spend,
And admiring belles not a few;
But no sweet little wife to comfort my life,
As I paddl'd my old canoe.

A friend in the pocket keeps the wolf away,
Is an adage both old and true,
For when getting old the world grows cold
As you paddle your old canoe.

*Chorus.* Life has many good things in its way,
Not all sunshine and smiles it is true;
So never pretend that its only end
Is to paddle an old canoe.

In some of those snares I got some shares,
In a limited scheme or two;
Then came the crash, and I lost my cash,
Which swampēd my old canoe.

I sit and sigh as the time flies by,
For the lawyers have threaten'd to sue;
I could almost cry, but there's no one by,
As I paddle my old canoe.

*Chorus.* I've no sweet smile my cares to beguile
As the world I go blundering through,
My heart's full of fears, my eyes full of tears
As I paddle my old canoe.

When the heart is gay, Oh! then is the day
Some fair one to win and to woo,
For when you get old, you'll perhaps be told
"Go and paddle your old canoe."

The girl that you love may sometimes prove
Quite fickle and faithless, 'tis true;
But ne'er despair, for there's others as fair
Who will sit in your old canoe.

*Chorus.* "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"—
A saying that often proves true;
But never say die, but once more try
To paddle your old canoe.

## "AND I CRIED BITTERLY."

NAY gentle soul, why shed such bitter tears?
Come let me soothe thy troubles, calm thy fears.
The world is not all clouds and care and sorrow:
The saddest day has aye a bright to-morrow.

What heavy ills oppress thy fond true heart?
Will not soft music bid those tears depart?
It cannot be so full of dread and horror,
But that thy sighs will cease before to-morrow.

Tears do not suit those loving eyes of thine,
Then why should such sad thoughts make thee repine?
Ne'er let black misery thy fair brow furrow,
Though cloudy now, thy sun will shine to-morrow.

Tears, bitter tears, are for the hopeless only,
The last resource of those who're sad and lonely;
There are fond hearts who'll share thy soul's worst sorrow,
Whose love will last to-morrow and to-morrow.

---

## THE MEASURE OF MY LOVE.

CAN'ST count the waves upon yon ocean vast?
Or grains of sand, which on its shores are cast?
Can'st sound its boundless depths unfathomed?
Or weigh the treasures of its unknown bed?
How tell what myriads in its waters move?
Nor can'st thou tell how boundless is my love.

Can'st tell the brightness of yon blazing sun ?
Or say what countless ages it has run ?
Do'st ken the distance of yon twinkling star ?
Wilt name the untold worlds circling afar ?
How measure that ethereal vault above ?
Nor can'st thou tell the measure of my love.

Can'st say when Winter winds shall cease to blow ?
Or Ocean's tides no more may ebb and flow ?
Can'st tell when Summer's sun shall not give light ?
Or yon pale moon ne'er more illume the night ?
How knowst thou when the Earth shall cease to move?
Nor can'st thou tell how durable my love.

Can'st tell what gives the blush unto the Rose?
And makes the Violet blue where'er it grows ?
Know'st why the Lily's white, and Primrose pale ?
Why Daisies 'deck each sunny hill and dale ?
Whence comes the fragrance of each flowery grove ?
Nor can'st thou tell how faithful is my love.

Can'st say whence comes the precious Sapphire's blue ?
Or why the Amethyst's pure and heav'nly hue ?
Can'st tell what makes the Ruby red and bright ?
Or whence the Diamond's pure dazzling light?
To know all these the world hath vainly strove
Nor can'st thou tell how pure is my love.

Can'st watch the eye and tell what it hath seen ?
Or by the footstep know where it hath been ?
Can'st hear the heart and know what it may feel ?
Or what the heaving bosom may conceal ?
From silent tongue divine what thoughts may move ?
Nor can'st thou know how steadfast is my love.

## A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

I LOVE the pretty blue sky
And yon silver clouds so fair,
I should like to be an angel
I would fly and live up there.

But I should fear the dark nights
In yonder thick black cloud,
With dreadful lightning flashing
And thunder rolling loud.

I wonder what strange countries
Behind those clouds are seen,
Vast regions cold and bleak ?
Or lands sunny, fair and green ?

Does the white snow and the hard frost
Lie on the barren ground ?
Or are rivers flowing through them
With sweet flowers all around ?

I wonder if my own Papa
Is living now up there ;
If so I'd like to fly to him,
It does not seem so far.

P'rhaps, too, my little sisters
And my brother, who are dead,
Are living in the blue sky,
That looks so bright o'erhead.

If so, I'd like to go there,
And on the clouds we'd ride,
Or play together once more
As we did before they died.

For I love the pretty blue sky
And those fleecy clouds so fair,
And I wish I were an angel,
I would fly and live up there.

---

## DEWDROPS.

What are dewdrops, Papa?
Dewdrops, my child, are angels' tears.
They are shed—
For the sad sins in long, long years—
Of all mankind, living and dead.
And while we sleep,
They watch and weep.

Will the angels always weep, Papa?
Ah no!—
The world will not be ever full of woe;
In God's good time,
War, pestilence and crime
Will cease.
Then mankind will learn to live in peace;
And every dewdrop will become a gem
On some fair angel's diadem.

---

## MY OLD GREY HORSE AND I.

My old grey horse he sighs, poor brute,
My old grey horse he sighs,
Under the weight of me and my cares
Till tears come into his eyes.

Let's stop 'neath yon shady tree, poor brute
And I'll ease thee of thy load,
While I share will thee my last stale crust
To help thee on the road.

Ay, stretch out thy drooping head, poor brute,
And take a quiet look round;
And see if there's not a tuft of grass
To eat on the parchēd ground.

Yes, look again and see, poor brute,
If in yon sandy brook
There's not a pool of water left
Behind some shady nook.

Full many a dreary mile, poor brute,
We've travelled night and day;—
Toiling along 'neath the blazing sun,
My poor old patient grey.

After many a cheerless day, poor brute,
With darkness gathering round,
We have gladly stretched our weary limbs
And slept on the cold hard ground.

It's years since first we met, poor brute
And true good friends we have been,
Thy well tri'd strength has borne me on
Through many a changing scene.

When first I called thee mine, poor brute,
Thou wast both frisky and gay;
But now thy mane is growing white—
My own locks are growing grey.

But we must jog on again, poor brute,
Though hungry, tired and dry:
There's little rest in this weary world,
For my old grey horse and I.

So let us bear our fate, poor brute,
It's no use to sit and sigh;
Some day we'll take our long long rest,
My old grey horse and I.

---

## POOR FRANCE!

Weep! weep! for thy heroes, poor France,
Vanquishēd, bleeding and slain;
Pierced with bullet and lance,
Never to rally again.

Weep! weep! for thy cities so fair,
Shatter'd by cannon and bomb,
Thy hosts driven forth in despair,
Each fortress to thousands a tomb.

Weep! weep! for thy treasures so rare,
Memorials of noblest names,
Gather'd with patience and care,
Now ruthlessly cast to the flames.

Weep! weep! for thy palaces, whose walls,
Are adorn'd with the deeds of thy great,
The Goths desecrate these gay Halls,
And the Germans here revel in state.

Weep! weep! for thy vallies so green,
Once rich with the fruits of thy toil,
Alas! now how changed is the scene,
By plunder, and rapine, and spoil.

Weep ! weep! for thy vine-covered plains,
Where plenty and peace were once found,
Devastation and Death now remains,
By Uhlans dealt ruthlessly round.

Weep ! weep ! for thy lilies so sweet,
Once blooming in all their fair pride,
Thy foes tread them under their feet,
And all have now wither'd and died.

Weep ! weep ! for thy Eagles, which soared
So unflinchingly up to the sky ;
By thy sons once so fondly ador'd,
All prostrate on earth now they lie.

Weep ! weep ! not for him thou didst crown ;
His ambition, his crimes and his lust,
Have dragged thee thus fearfully down
And trampled thy Freedom in dust.

Weep ! weep ! ye scar'd nations around,
Whose friend thou hast been in their need ;
Who gaze on thee borne to the ground,
But dread to prevent the foul deed.

Weep ! weep ! but let Prussia forbear
Thy corse with her talons to rend,
For thy children in furious despair,
Will fight to the bitterest end.

Weep ! weep ! but for ever reject
Base Ambition, then rise in thy might,
And the world will thy power respect
While God will secure the right.

*December* 1870.

## RICH AND RARE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
Likewise a wreath of roses,
Around her neck she'd pearls—some score,
And on her breast some posies.
But Oh! alas! those gems were glass,
Those roses imitation,
And then those pearls, as well as curls,
Were false—her cheeks carnation.
She said her heart did overflow
With sentiment and passion;
I cannot say, but this I know,
She was a Dame of Fashion.

---

## JENNY.

LA CONTESSA VIVIANI, Æ. 18.

So young, so sweet, so beautiful and fair,
With but a glimpse of life with all its care,
A few brief years, and all is past and done,
Much love and hope, some tears, and then she's gone.
That fairy form, those eyes of heav'nly hue,
That loving fond young heart so good and true;
Which but to know was like a vision bright,
A gleam of heav'n so full of pure delight.
'Twas not for one like her on Earth to stay,
But unto better realms to soar away,
Too soon, alas! from friends and kindred torn,
Leaving those who lov'd her here to weep and mourn.
As some fair flower which ope's with rising sun,
Shedding its fragrance round till day is done,
Its rare rich blossoms, blooming through the day,
Till ev'ning zephyrs waft the flower away.
So thus she bloom'd, and shed her sweetness here
Till borne by angels to a brighter sphere.

---

## EPITAPH FOR A CERTAIN MONEY-GETTING OLD QUAKER.

HERE lieth quaking grasping Joe,
Gold was his god as all men know;
He worship'd it like pious saint,
On adoration firmly bent.
And to his credit be it spoken
His fav'rite creed was never broken.
"Of honesty through life I boast,"
He sigh'd and then gave up the ghost.
Satan who lay with arms extended,
Exclaim'd "Thou hast not once offended,
But since thou always serv'd me well,
Thou shalt have the best place in h—ll."
Then with his fork in right good earnest
He plung'd him 'neath the brimstone furnace,
When instinct mov'd his nimble fingers
And he began to count hot cinders.

---

## EPITAPH ON GRAY THE POET AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Life is a jest and all things show it,
I thought so once, and now I know it."

Life might be a jest to thee a fav'rite poet,
But it is *no joke* to most, too well they know it.

---

## SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

### BY BEETHOVEN.

A SONG and no word
Seems very absurd,
Can its sounds be, I wonder,
Something like silent thunder.
Or are they as fright'ning
As invisible lightning.

On a piano grande,
One can well understand,
That tunes may be strumm'd
And the melody hummed,
By a sweet pretty voice
Without making much noise.

There are words in good rhyme
That are made to keep time,
With regular feet,
Which people repeat,
And they're pretty and sweet.
But tunes of good measure
Would add to the pleasure.

It is only the birds
Can sing songs without words.

---

## THE POET,

### On reading the life of Burns.

SOME fain would claim
A poet's name,
And envy his abilities.
Of this I'm sure,
Few can endure
A poet's sensibilities.

He is the dupe,
The artless dupe
Of every human folly.
His bitter woes,
The world ne'er knows,
Nor his sad melancholy.

With greediness,
And untold bliss
He quaffs the cup of pleasure.
When his heart's light,
He is, poor wight,
Elate beyond all measure.

The social bowl,
And flow of soul
Are what he does delight in.
The world's cold frown,
He seeks to drown
In mirth and glee exciting.

Now grief and pain
Shoot through his brain,
And rack his soul unbending.
With dull despair,
And cramping care,
He ever is contending.

And cold neglect,
When hopes are wreckt,
At length are his undoing.
The die is cast,
He sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

## THE OUTLAWS' SONG.

*Scene.*—The middle of a forest by the side of a brook on a summer's evening.

*Group.*—A band of outlaws, dressed in green, with bows and arrows; hounds lying at a distance and several dead deer; women and children in the camp.

Enter men singing and dancing.

Come let us dance and let us sing,
And bid defiance to the King.
For we've been chasing all the day
The wild deer through the forest gay.
Through brake and bush, through dell and glade,
Deep in the woodland's thickest shade,
And here we are a jolly band
All safe again in fairy land.

The sun's gone down behind yon hill,
And we will drink our hearty fill,
In jollity we'll pass the night
And rise again at morning light.
Then with our arrows, bows and hound
After the wild deer we will bound.
Then let us dance all hand in hand,
Around our homes in fairy land.

---

## TO ELIZA.

ADIEU, adieu, to thee Eliza,
One kindly word before we part.
One loving look, one fond embrace,
And then, alas! I must depart.

I cannot play the lover's part,
To woo, to win, and to possess thee ;
But I can prize thy kind good heart
And freely from my own heart bless thee.

I would that I with thee could dwell,
To guard thee from all deep deception,
But since I now must say farewell
Accept a brother's warm affection.

For in the thorny path of life,
We little know the ground we tread,
So much of sorrow, care and strife
Is always, freely for us spread.

Yes, there are those who'll try to win
Thy love with vile duplicity.
And seek to take advantage of
Thy virgin sweet simplicity.

For well I know thou hast a mind
That must be free from guilt and sin,
A bosom pure, a taste refined
And looks that speak of truth within.

For who can gaze on that fair face,
And those soft eyes and that bright smile,
And in each look and glance not trace
A soul that must be free from guile.

But may a better fate be thine
Than bitter sorrows, cares and tears,
And may'st thou never live to pine
In cold neglect and silent tears.

The man who wounds a woman's heart
And causes that fond heart to bleed,
He plays a worthless villain's part,
And he will live to rue the deed.

Adieu ! adieu ! to thee Eliza,
May sweet contentment with thee dwell
May he who wins thee always prize thee—
Like him who now must say farewell.

---

## POOR MADGE.

The grave she sought not but the grave she found.

ALAS ! poor Madge, is this thy resting place ?
The grave which holds thee in its cold embrace.
Do I again tread near thy last abode,
And turn aside from life's long weary road ?
To hold communion with thy soul above,
And shed a tear of sorrow and of love.
I weep, I sigh, but all alas ! in vain,
'Twill not restore thee back to life again.
But though confin'd within thy narrow cell,
Still in my mem'ry thou wilt ever dwell.
As I recall each feature still of thee,
All, all, seems but as yesterday to me.

The sun may shine, and with refulgent light
The stars may twinkle in the silent night.
The earth be deck'd with flowers, the fields look green
Whilst life and gladness smile upon the scene.
The balmy breeze, the gently breathing air,
Make all around seem pure and bright and fair;
The pale moon sheds its lustre o'er the earth,
Or bitter winds howl from the dreary north,
The crashing thunder overhead may roll,
And lurid lightning flash from pole to pole,
The raging storm in bursting torrents flow,
Or wrap the earth in winding-sheet of snow.
But all unconscious of the scenes around
Thou sleepst in death—calm, peaceful and profound.

No envy here shall e'er disturb thy rest,
Nor hatred cause one pang within thy breast,
Nor malice strive thy errors to detect,
Nor slander magnify each small defect,
Pride cannot reach thee here to crush thee low,
Nor misery make one scorching tear to flow,
Nor cold misfortune blanch thy careworn cheek,
Nor base deceit thy warm heart ever break,
Nor cruel scorn e'er torture with its ire,
Nor keen resentment blast with worst desire,
Nor curs'd injustice crush thee with its doom,
Nor dare intrude within thy sacred tomb.

False friends shall never listen to thy grief,
To sympathise—but still withhold relief,
Fierce foes shall never triumph o'er thy wrongs,
And make thy miseries burdens to their songs.
From friends or foes thou now hast nought to claim,
Alike to thee their pity, praise, or blame.

Better that thou art mould'ring into dust
Than live the victim of some villain's lust.
Better to sleep amongst the silent dead,
Than have detraction heap'd upon thy head.
Better than live to see thy hopes all wreck't
And die the victim of the world's neglect.
That thy remains are laid beneath the sod,
And thy pure soul is resting with its God.

Years have roll'd by since I stood weeping here,
And gazing on thy slow descending bier,
My spirit yearn'd to leave the world behind,
And be with thee in brighter realms joined.
My breaking heart beat in my lonesome breast,
I long'd to lay by thee here and be at rest.
But Oh! since then I've wander'd from my home,
A restless spirit hurried me to roam.
And I have seen enough of bitter strife,
And all the ills of transitory life.
But I will kneel me on this sacred sod,
And hold communion with thee and my God.

And while my soul breathes forth a prayer on high,
I feel that thou wilt watch me with thine eye.
This solemn thought sweet consolation brings,
Here let me then forget all earthly things.
I long for all care and worldly strife to cease,
That I might flee to thee and be at peace.

---

## THE MONSOON.

I RAIN, I pour, I scatter o'er
The country peace and plenty,
I make the corn and cotton grow
The Ryots rich and dainty.
I patter, patter on the tiles,
I soak through leaky ridges,
I flood the country round for miles
I wash down rotten bridges.
I'm sometimes rather late I know,
But for that I've good reason.
New governors may come and go,
But I return each season.

I hover o'er each mountain scene,
I rush down ev'ry nullah,
I make the barren ground look green
The mighty rivers fuller.
I fill up all the village tanks
For dusky dames and cattle,
I topple over railway banks,
With viaducts I battle.
I'm sometimes rather early too,
But for that I've a reason.
Collectors new may come and go
But I return each season.

With lightning and with thunder loud
I break with dread commotion.
I ride upon each stormy cloud,
I scour the mighty ocean.
And many a gallant ship goes down,
When by my wings they're batter'd,
Brave seamen on the shores are thrown,
And riches rare are scatter'd.
I deal destruction as I go,
For which I've got good reason.
And ships may come and fleets may go,
But I return each season.

The waters of the ocean deep
For days and months I gather,
As o'er the earth I swiftly sweep
My treasures round I scatter.
My track is over many a zone
Of the wide world's dominions,
And as around my wealth is thrown
I ride the whirlwind's pinions.
But whence I come and where I go
I for that have good reason.
New generations come and go,
But I return each season.

My pent-up waters sometimes fail,
The thirsty land to nourish;
And drought and scarcity prevail,
Rich crops then droop and perish.
And when I pass too quickly by,
There dearth and famine quicken;
And loud and deep the dismal cry
Of those by famine stricken.
But why my showers are great or small,
For that I've got good reason.
Kingdoms may rise and empires fall,
But I return each season.

## GENTLE SOPHIA.

Oh ! gentle Sophia, ah ! whither away,
Do come to the fam'd Crystal Palace to-day
Ther'll p'rhaps be a fest'al to Handel the Great,
Or something more jolly, a Foresters' fête.
We'll wander about in the shadiest bowers,
Or climb to the top of yon wonderful towers.

Oh ! lovely Sophia, do ! do ! not say nay,
But come with me, dearest, and be blithe and gay ;
And put on that sweetest best thing your new bonnet,
And your pretty pink dress with the panniers on it,
On the terrace we'll stroll, 'mongst flowers we'll sport
Or take a cool seat in famed Pompeii's Court.

Oh ! beauteous Sophia, my own one, my true,
To the smoke of the City let's bid an adieu :
Come meet me in Holborn a hansom we'll hail,
We'll rush to the station, we'll fly by the rail.
Or if at the Palace let twelve by the hour,
By the side of yon Engine of fifty horse power.

Oh ! glorious Sophia, sweet sweet be thy smile
As we saunter along up the Central Aisle.
Or listen to Patti or Nilsson's sweet voice,
Or Mr. Sims Reeves our hearts may rejoice.
Or that dear, good kind sweet Prince and Princess so fair,
Happy thought ! ay perchance they too may be there.

Oh ! truest Sophia, an' thou lov'st me say yea,
And we'll spend such a glorious Midsummer day.
We'll sit down and watch those dear ducks on the Lakes,
And look at those monstrous big reptiles and snakes.
And after we've seen ev'rything there's to see,
We'll have such a cup of the nicest bohea.

Oh ! fairest Sophia, so blooming and free,
Bright as the sunshine thy smiles are to me.
Come then, Oh ! do love, never say nay,
But let us be happy for once in a way.
Then that Palace of Crystal to me e'er will be.
Full of fond recollections, ful lal la ! fal lal lee !

---

## FAREWELL TO THEE, ROLLING NURBUDDA.

FAREWELL to thee, rolling Nurbudda,
Adieu to thy fast flowing tide,
No more by the shores I will wander,
Never more o'er thy waters I'll glide

Oft I've danc'd o'er thee gaily and swiftly,
When the breezes blew strongly aloft,
Or sailed o'er thee slowly and smoothly
When the wind was low, gentle and soft.

With the tide by thy watery margin
I've dropt down on thy rippling stream,
Where the Curlew and Flamingo gather
And the wild birds in myriads scream.

And over thy green banks I've chasēd
The antelope bounding away,
And weary and footsore, but joyous,
Return'd at the end of the day.

I have cross'd o'er thy wide waste of waters,
When thy waves by the tempest were tost,
Where thy sullen and deep rolling currents
In the vast mighty ocean are lost.

And with some genial good fellows
The time has flown swiftly along,
And as the red sun sank down glowing
We've sung some old fav'rite song.

I have toilēd full oft in the daytime
When the sun blaz'd above fierce and bright,
And been lullēd to rest by thy rolling
When the pale moon was shining by night.

And oft in the cool of the gloaming
I've gazed o'er thy glistening plain,
And thought with sad silence and sorrow
Of those I shall ne'er meet again.

They have vanish'd for ever and ever,
Gone to rest on some far lonely grave,—
Like the dim floating light of the Hindoo
When it sinks 'neath Nurbudda's dark wave.

Oft by night I have watch'd the stars shining
Till my soul was quite lost in a dream,
Thinking long of the lov'd and the absent
Till my tears have dropt into thy stream.

Let's fill up a goblet quite brimful
Till o'erflowing with rich ruby wine,
And drink to the rolling Nurbudda,
Nor at life's many changes repine.

Farewell to thee, rolling Nurbudda,
Adieu to thy fast-ebbing tide.
No more on thy bosom I'll slumber,
Never more o'er thy waters I'll glide.

## NINA DE MI ALMA.

CHILD of my soul, why do we part,
Why should I tear thee from my heart?
Far, far from thee why should I roam?
To seek in some strange land a home.
Nina de mi alma.

Away far o'er the ocean wide,
And thee not with me by my side.
To burning climes and deserts bare,
How can e'er my home be there.
Nina de mi alma.

When thou art smiling by my side,
To cheer me on to be my guide.
Oh! then the world seems bright and fair
Nor feel I then the weight of care.
Nina de mi alma.

Visions dark and prospects drear,
Care and sadness, doubt and fear,
Gather round me when alone,
And I find that thou art gone.
Nina de mi alma.

And my heart feels sick with sorrow,
Then I dread the coming morrow,
Days of sadness never ending,
Dark dreams with my slumbers blending.
Nina de mi alma.

Hopeful dreams and balmy slumber,
And bright visions without number
The world seems sunny, fair and clear,
With pleasant prospects—when thou'rt near.
Nina de mi alma.

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* Spanish—child of my soul.

When the festive board I join,
And I quaff the sparkling wine.
As the ruby draught I drink,
Then it is of thee I think.
Nina de mi alma.

But rank I've none, nor wealth untold,
I cannot buy thy love with gold.
All I have I give to thee,
A loving heart, so fond and free.
Nina de mi alma.

No wealth untold, nor brightest gem,
Nor power nor earthly diadem,
Would e'er my lonely heart beguile,
Or pay the loss of thy bright smile.
Nina de mi alma.

The richest gem than Ind can boast,
The purest pearl from Ceylon's coast,
The fairest flower that decks the earth,
Compared with thee are little worth.
Nina de mi alma.

Then my love, my life, oh! never
Let us from each other sever,
Stay with me and be mine only,
Leave me not thus sad and lonely.
Nina de mi alma.

When amidst the busy throng,
And heedless crowds who rush along.
Or in scenes so bright and gay
My heart is with thee far away.
Nina de mi alma

Were I on some desert cast,
O'er the ocean's waters vast,
On burning shore or lonely isle
Still I'd dream of thy bright smile.
Nina de mi alma

Be thou then my guardian here,
Watch me through my life's career,
And when to other worlds I hie
Thou shalt catch my latest sigh.
Nina de mi alma.

Child of my soul, my love, my life,
Be thou my bride my faithful wife,
Then 'til death we ne'er shall sever,
Thou'lt be mine, yes mine, for ever.
Nina de mi alma.

Though troubled waters round are breaking,
With foes surrounding, friends forsaking,
Though fate may frown upon the morrow,
Still thou'lt sooth me in my sorrow.
Nina de mi alma.

Nought but death shall e'er us sever,
Thou are mine, yes mine, for ever,
My own, my fondest, fairest, dearest
And to my heart thou'rt ever nearest.
Nina de mi alma.

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## "WHEN BRITAIN'S MAY IS IN THE SERE."—BYRON.

"Let them come if they dare."—Duke of Cambridge.

TIME was when Britain's flag did wave
O'er every sea, in every zone,
Her gallant sons were free and brave.
Say has that time for ever gone?

Shall Yankee Doodles brag and boast ?
And snap their fingers and defy ?
Or flaunt their flag on Britain's coast,
And British bravery deny ?

Shall Prussia's grov'ling hordes pretend
To valour such as Britons feel ?
Dare in fierce fight, with them contend,
And crush them 'neath an iron heel.

Or shall a servile Russ attempt ?
To trample on Britain's rights and laws.
Look down upon her with contempt ?
And tear her with his barb'rous claws.

Shall France her devilish antics play ?
And try to do her worst once more,
Setting her hosts in war's array ?
To be o'erwhelmed as before.

Shall the vile Turk or treachrous Greek
Their petty spite and hatred show ?
Shall Spain deride or Austria seek ?
Great Britain's power to o'erthrow.

Shall the fierce Uhlan and Cossack ?
Ride roughshod over Britain's soil.
And her rich cities burn and sack ?
Dooming her sons to servile toil.

Shall her fond daughters, young and fair,
Be ravish'd by a brutal foe ?
Her children driven to despair ?
And their fond homes no longer know.

Arouse thyself, maintain thy ground,
Britain for all is still a match.
And know ye hostile nations round
The British Lion still keeps watch.

He still keeps watch, and so beware!
His proud position he'll maintain;
Then let those foes approach who dare,
He'll send them howling back again.

For Britain's May is not yet sere,
But green as "hearts of oak" of yore.
Freedom to her is still as dear,
She's true as steel, aye to the core.

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## FILL! FILL! THE BRIGHT GOBLET.

FILL! Fill! the bright goblet with rich ruby wine,
Let us drink and be merry and gay.
We'll never at life's fleeting sorrows repine,
But thus drive all our troubles away.

We'll quaff the rich juice of the generous grape,
As it sparkles so clear in the glass.
'Tis the true cure of sorrow in ev'ry shape,
And whoever denies it's an ass.

Fill! Fill! the bright ruby and pass it around,
Let us drink and be merry and gay—
For sorrow no such cure has ever been found,
So we'll drink and drive sorrow away.

### ADDENDA.

Yes, drink like a fish till your troubles you drown
And become quite oblivious of sorrow,
And when you are glorious, snore on the ground—
And you'll have such a headache tomorrow.

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## CAPSTAN SONG.

*Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.*

All's on board of our gallant good ship, boys,
Cho. Ho! Ayho!
From the quay then our cable we'll slip, boys,
Cho. So let go;
For the tide is just now at its full, boys,
Cho. 'Twill not stay,
So let each give a hearty good pull, boys,
*Chorus.*—Pull away, my brave boys, pull away.

When the anchor is up, with the tide, boys,
Cho. Ho! Ayho!
Down the river so smoothly we'll glide, boys,
Cho. Off we'll go;
So good-bye to our friends on the shore, boys,
Cho. We will say,
We shall soon see their faces no more, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

To our wives and our sweethearts adieu, boys,
Cho. With a sigh,
Warm tears their soft cheeks will bedew, boys,
Cho. Standing by,
Our parting is but for a while, boys,
Cho. Why then stay?
And all danger we'll meet with a smile, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

There's many a one left to weep, boys,
Cho. All alone;
Who'll pray for us ere we sleep, boys,
Cho. When we're gone.
There are others from whom we are torn, boys
Cho. On this day,
Whose loss we may soon have to mourn, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

When on the wide waves we are tost, boys,
Cho. Tempest driven,
We'll oft think of the lov'd and the lost, boys,
Cho. Gone to heaven;
To our memories long they will cling, boys,
Cho. When away;
While our thoughts to past times will take wing, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

We have taken our last parting kiss, boys,
Cho. Sweet and long;
And our little ones soon will us miss, boys,
Cho. In the throng;
Those little ones whom we've caressed, boys,
Cho. On every day,
Will be hush'd on a lone mother's breast, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

We are bound for a far foreign clime, boys,
Cho. Far away,
But we hope to return in good time, boys,
Cho. On some day,
It is sad thus to leave our sweet homes, boys,
Cho. And to stray,
Sailing over the white ocean's foam, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

'Tis for those whom we love that we roam, boys,
Cho. O'er the sea,
To give plenty and peace in each home, boys,
Cho. Bright and free;
And each steady and true-hearted mate, boys,
Cho. True and gay,
Must be ready to meet ev'ry fate, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

Those we're leaving behind us to mourn, boys,
Cho. Now in tears,
Will welcome us when we return, boys,
Cho. With their cheers.

Our blessings on those that are true, boys,
Cho. When away,
While false ones will live but to rue, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

While we brave the wild storms of the deep, boys
Cho. In alarm,
Our lov'd ones will quietly sleep, boys,
Cho. Without harm ;
When the billows shall lull us to rest, boys,
Cho. Night or day,
Each will clasp them again to his breast, boys,
*Chorus*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

And oft in the slumbers of night, boys
Cho. As they lie,
They will see us in visions so bright, boys,
Cho. Standing by ;
And while we're keeping watch up aloft, boys,
Cho. Far away,
We'll be thinking of them just as oft, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

There is many a heart without fear, boys,
Cho. True as steel,
That has brush'd from his eyelids a tear, boys,
Cho. Who can feel ;
There is many a gay gallant tar, boys,
Cho. Who can say,
That his heart is o'erburden'd with care, boys,
*Chorus*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

There's many a shipmate doth roam, boys,
Cho. Light and free,
Who oft thinks of his once happy home, boys,
Cho. By the sea,
Whose long cherished wish of his heart, boys,
Cho. When away,
That in time he'll no more have to part, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

There's many a ship plough'd the main boys,
Cho. Gaily deck'd,
Which has never been heard of again, boys,
Cho. 'T has been wrecked;
There's many a crew has gone down, boys,
Cho. Far away,
Whose fate the world never has known, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

But cheer up! my hearties, cheer up, boys,
Cho. Cheerily, oh!
And we'll drink just one last parting cup, boys,
Cho. Merrily, oh!
To our friends and our country we'll drink, boys,
Cho. Fill away,
While together our goblets we'll clink, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

Our hearts are both loyal and stout, boys,
Cho. Firm and bold,
So let's give a jolly good shout, boys,
Cho. As of old;
We'll neither let love nor regret, boys,
Cho. On this day,
Unman us, or foolishly fret, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

On the shore we leave many a friend, boys,
Cho. True and fast,
Whom we'd give our lives to defend, boys,
Cho. To the last;
If at sea we should meet with a foe, boys,
Cho. Who'll betray,
To the bottom down, down he shall go, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

Hark! there goes the last parting bell, boys,
Cho. Hear it ring,
To give one more hearty farewell, boys,
Cho. While we sing;

The tide is now ebbing quite strong, boys,
Cho. Heave away.
And our vessel moves swiftly along, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

Stand by the helm, heave the lead, boys,
Cho. By the deep,
And our ship will move steady ahead, boys,
Cho. As we sweep ;
Clear the decks, and make ready for sea, boys,
Cho. Stow away,
Take care that all's taut and quite free, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

The land is now far on our stern, boys,
Cho. Out of sight,
So we'll drink to our speedy return, boys,
Cho. Say goodnight :
The breeze blows both gentle and soft, boys,
Cho. Heave away !
So we'll shake out a reef up aloft, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

The white waves are beginning to curl, boys,
Cho. All around,
So our sails we will quickly unfurl, boys,
Cho. On we'll bound.
The wind is now steady abaft, boys,
Cho. Haul away,
So we'll set sail both for'ard and aft, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

Thus we'll spread our sheets to the wind, boys,
Cho. Broad and white,
Leaving home, love, and kindred behind, boys,
Cho. Out of sight ;
If the blue sky should be overcast, boys,
Cho. Stormy day,
Our good ship will weather the blast, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away.

And as over the ocean we sail, boys,
Cho. Gaily on,
If homeward-bound friends we should hail, boys,
Cho. Speeding on ;
While dashing along the deep swell, boys,
Cho. Merrily,
We will pass on the watch-word "all's-well," boys,
Cho. Cheerily.
And as onward we pass out of sight, boys,
Cho. Far away,
We'll bid them a cheery good night, boys,
*Chorus.*—Heave away, my brave boys, heave away,
*Chorus.*—With a hip, hip, hooray, hip, hooray ! !

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## ON A YOUNG LADY.

HERE lies in silent deep repose
A gentle maid sweet as the rose,
Just blasted in the bud.
Clasp'd in death's grasp, his iron arms,
To moulder and a prey for worms :
Their sustenance and food.

A tender plant, a fragrant flower,
Just like the lily fair and pure,
All innocence and love;
Affection round her heart entwin'd,
And gentlest feelings fill'd her mind
That in the bosom move.

But death, that monster grim and dire,
At whose keen blast the weak expire,
The healthy and robust;
Struck without mercy the foul blow,
Which laid this fav'rite flower low
And trampl'd it to dust.

Oh ! monster or whate'er thy name,
Could'st thou no other victim claim—
So tender, kind and sweet.
But quickly flew thy ruthless dart,
Which pierc'd her kind endearing heart
And laid her at thy feet.

The rich, the poor, the young and old,
The timid or the brave and bold,
Oh ! nothing can them save :
Thou searchest all the mines and bowers,
For rarest gems and choicest flowers,
To 'deck the lowly grave.

Let daisies white grow round her bed,
The green grass flourish o'er her head,
And buttercups run wild—
Emblems of her simplicity,
Devoid of earthly dignity,
For she was nature's child.

Ye little warb'ling birds that fly
And fill the heav'ns with harmony,
As through the air you wing,
With ev'ry soft and sweet accent,
In mournful notes her fate lament,
The doleful dirge now sing.

Her time was spent 'ere well begun,
And her life's glass too soon was run,
And nought can her restore ;
Until the Saviour from the skies
Shall say, " Ye sleeping dead arise
" To dwell with Me e'ermore."

And then an angel pure and bright,
In regions of eternal light,
In glory she'll appear.

## AN INCIDENT—TRUE.

"Oh! do, kind-hearted gentlemen,
Some pity take on me!
For I am very hungry, then
Bestow your charity.

"A home or friend I have not got,
Nor where to lay my head.
Oh! do take pity on my lot,
Give me a bit of bread!"

Thus stood a little beggar boy,
All shiv'ring in the cold,
With trembling limbs and tearful eye
His artless tale he told.

His clothes were dirty, ragg'd and torn,
All shoeless were his feet,
His breast was bare, his look forlorn,
For he had nought to eat.

His little hands they ach'd with cold—
'Twas a piteous sight to see.
And who were they to whom he told
His tale of misery?

They were two men of wealth untold,
Wealth hoarded up for years;
But oh! their hearts were like their gold:
Too hard to melt with tears.

And they both wore a dress* to show
The world what was their creed,
But they would not one mite bestow
On that poor child in need.

"Begone!" they said, and hounded on
A savage dog to bite;

* The two gentlemen were wealthy Quakers.

And the poor child sped quickly on
And cri'd with wild affright.

Forbear, you callous hearted men,
Nor his petition spurn ;
The rudest savage of the plain
So vile an act would scorn.

For know you not that child was sent
(Which begs of you for food)
To be on earth an instrument
Of evil or of good.

Put off that garb in which you dress,
And look of sanctity—
Does not the creed which you profess
Teach Love and Charity

---

## TO——

Oh ! how sweet are the smiles of a woman's bright eyes,
Which give life, light, and rapture to man's gloomy soul.
When in her quiet presence the time quickly flies,
He is great, wise, and good 'neath her gentle control.

She's an angel of light, and a lamp to his path,
To guide and cheer him on life's rugged road ;
She soothes him in sorrow, she shares in his mirth,
And this life's heavy burden to him is no load.

But, Oh ! if there lurks 'neath a woman's dark gaze,
Deep deception, Ah ! then she's a terrible rod,
To scourge, torture, torment, rack, madden and craze,
She's a fiend, she's a devil, she is ruin by——

——In fact she's everything that's horrible and vulgar.

---

## OUR COUSINS THE GERMANS vs. OUR FRIENDS THE FRENCH.

Go it again, my brave sourkrout lads,
Thwack 'em and smash 'em—the snivelling squads;
Give such a thrashing to Johnny Crapaud,
That he wont soon like a Gallic cock—crow.
Pelt him with bullets and choke him with smoke,
Teach him that fighting with you is no joke.
Send him back to his dunghill to blether and croak,
Then leave him alone in his gravy to soak,
And make him be civil to poor German folk.
Blaze away at him with cannon and gun,
Show him that rousing a nation's no fun,
Give him a taste of his own fav'rite dish,
See how he likes it, and if more he'd wish.
Glory's a capital thing some folks say,
Then give him some glory, but turn'd t'other way,
Down, down with chassepots, down to the dust,
Let his swords and his spears be cover'd with rust,
Let him know once for all if for glory and lust
He will rush into arms, why then he just must
Take the chance now and then to have matters revers'd,
And FOR ONCE he's *got bit* by the demon he nurs'd.
Go it my shinkin fed beer swilling boys,
Show them a sample of new German toys;
Bang away at 'em with powder and lead,
Good physic for fools before going to bed.
To bed? Yes, a bed on which they'll long lay,
Like a poor pile of useless inanimate clay.

Yes, smash ev'ry church, ev'ry steeple and spire,
Burn all their barns, give their homes to the fire,
Their peasants and toilers, yes hunt them away,
Leave their flesh and their bones to the vultures a prey.

Of blood and of iron and other such stuff,
Give them plenty until they cry out, Hold! enough,
Bismarck will teach them the logic of fact,
Von Moltke will learn them a lesson on tact;

While through Fritz they'll acquire some little of sense
And Wilhelm declare it is all Providence.
As if cannons and guns had with it nothing to do,
Though Johnny Crapaud has been run thro' and thro.'

Gallop about, my gay Uhlans so hale,
Chivy the beggars o'er hill and thro' dale;
Till there's nothing to see so far as you scan,
Neither horse, cow nor child, neither woman nor man,
And the whole country round is as desolate and bare
As when the last man shall have died in despair.

Blow up their cities with powder and shell
Never mind a child's screams or a woman's sad wail,
Blow them to atoms and send them to h—l
The devils will laugh when they go down pell-mell.
Keep them in, let them howl, let them famish for food,
Hunger's a thing that 'll cool their hot blood;
And pestilence do them a power of good.
The world has got rather too rich and too full,
And men have been growing so sluggish and dull.

The devils have been rather lazy of late,
For there hasn't been quite so much glory and hate,
But now they're rejoicing, now, now is the time
When there's plenty of murder and rapine and crime,
That the fiends looking on must think it sublime.

Give it them heartily, give them rough,
Show them you're made of such capital stuff;
Keep them in durance, keep them at bay,
Till they've nothing to eat, and for mercy they pray,
Keep them surrounded, let there be a scene,
And a spectacle such as the world has ne'er seen,
With slaughter unequall'd by aught that has been.
Two millions shut in by a girdle of steel
Is almost enough to make devils to feel,
Two millions, good God! why the world has not learn'd,
Such a lesson since it out of chaos was turn'd.

Never mind, keep them in, now you've got 'em 'tis plain
The world will not need such a lesson again.
Punish them well, and make them remember
That day at *Sedan* in the days of September.

The surest and wisest of plans, let me tell ye,
Is punishing a fool by means of his belly;
And if that's not enough to bring sense to his head,
Then give him some steel or a dose of cold lead.
These are logical facts fools cannot get over,
Then give them a fill-up they will not recover;
And the world really wants some lesson to teach
What wiseacres long have been trying to preach.

Two millions of folks! men, babies and women,
All to perish at once. What a text for a sermon!
Then go in and win, my brave sourkrout men,
Give them a thrashing again and again;
Teach such a lesson to Johnny Crapaud
As he'll not soon forget and the world never saw.
And the fiends will rejoice and dance in their den,
And the angels will weep and the saints cry amen.

*December* 1870.

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## TO MISS KATE McLEOD.

I HAD a dream in the stillness of night,
It was a beautiful dream to me,
I thought that I strayed by broad daylight
On some Isle far away o'er the sea.

I thought as I stray'd on that far-off Isle
'Twas all clothed with verdure so green,
The sun shone bright and earth seemed to smile,
For all nature was clear and serene.

I thought on that Isle a garden was spread
All 'deck'd with the choicest of flowers,
The smooth mossy turf felt soft to my tread,
'Twas surrounded by sweet shady bowers.

I dreamt that all pensive I wander'd round,
And watched the bright sun as it shone.
But, Alas! no friend was there to be found,
For I thought that I dwelt there alone.

I dreamt, as I stray'd through this lovely scene
With my loneliness deeply opprest,
I saw a fair flow'r a leaf did half screen
Far more blooming and bright than the rest.

'Twas a beautiful rose, queen of its kind,
Which with sweetest perfume fill'd the air,
Whilst round it there grew in friendship entwin'd
The chaste bluebell and lily so fair.

I bent on my knee to look at this flower
And inhale its delicious perfume;
But lo! as I stoop'd, by some magic power
This strange Rose a new form did assume.

My dream was now chang'd, where late the sun shone
The pale moon and bright stars were in sight,
The Rose and the flow'rs had vanish'd and gone—
'Twas the stillness and silence of night.

Behold there now stood on that mystical place,
Where the Rose and the Lilies once grew,
A virgin so pure, with so lovely a face,
And with eyes of most heavenly hue.

She look'd like an angel from some distant sphere,
Or some Houri of Eastern romance;
And so kindly she smil'd as I drew near,
As beckoning for me to advance.

As silent I gaz'd on her beautiful face
O'er my soul strange emotions did crowd,
But lo! as I sprang her lov'd form to embrace
She vanished as if in a cloud.

But I thought by her side two others there came,
To watch over this fair virgin's face;
And just as they vanish'd they whisper'd her name—
And I fancy it sounded like *Kate.*

---

## KIND WORDS.

**Written at the request of a young and beautiful invalid lady.**

KIND words—they sweetly soothe our sorrows,
And calm the pangs our hearts may feel;
They tell of brighter prospects for us,
And to us better hopes reveal.

Kind words, how sweet when ills assail us!
They then disarm the painful grief;
When with kind words our friends they hail us
They make our bitter moments brief.

Kind words ev'n in our happiest hours
Ne'er raise a thought our bliss to chill,
But aim to strew our paths with flowers
And make us feel more happy still.

Kind words—how welcome when in danger,
In sickness or in dire distress;
Kind words seem kind e'en from a stranger,
They make us feel our troubles less.

Kind words are ever sweet and cheering,
In health their accents breathe of love,
In death they speak of bliss appearing,
And point to happy realms above.

Kind words are whisperings from heaven,
A "still small voice" from out the skies,
A charm by God to mortals given
To which the coldest heart replies.

---

## LOVE AND MADNESS.

I would not in the wildness of revenge
Give poison to mine enemy,
But I would plant within his breast
Love, undying, unconquerable, unrequited—
To wrack his brain, and rend his inmost soul,
Then leave it there to fester and to grow
Like an unhealed sore gnawing his heart,
Until he sought in an untimely grave
A refuge from his misery and his madness.—*Old Play*

AWAY! away! with doubt and care,
Which rend my heart and rack my brain.
Away! away! with wild despair,
Adieu! to bitterness and pain.
For well I know thou'lt smile again
On me, and I will love thee yet,
But when I see thy cold disdain
How can I but feel deep regret:
'Tis then alone that my fond heart with sorrow is beset.

I cannot turn my back and flee,
Tho' often thou did'st bid me go;
My soul it is no longer free,
Why do'st thou sink me down so low?
Thou know'st my love will ever flow
To thee until my life's last hour.

Then why cause to my heart such woe ?
Why use thy terrible power [devour ?
To plant a flame within my breast to consume it and

But if, Alas ! I must depart,
At length bid thee a long farewell,
The bitter anguish of my heart
No pen or tongue can e'er tell.
A slow consuming fire like hell
Will scorch my very inmost soul.
Though passion sometimes may rebel
I'd still in deeper mis'ry howl,
And droop beneath a blow 'tis not in mortal to controul.

I'd seek to drown in worldly pleasure
All ! All ! my bitter grief and pain,
I'd think of thee as a lost treasure,
Nor could I ever smile again.
But I would ever still retain
Sweet recollections of the past,
Thy image bright would e'er remain
On memory graven to the last, [blast.
Unchang'd by time or by misfortune's cold and bitter

I'd mix amongst the busy crowd,
And try to drown my sorrows there ;
Quaff when they quaff'd, with them laugh loud,
Forget in madness my despair.
My home be any, every where,
And late I'd seek my lonely bed,
Oppress'd with grief, o'ercome with care,
Like dog which seeks its litter'd lair.
The cold world's gaze I'd deeply dread, [head.
And as from place to place I flew I'd lowly droop my

I'd take the world just as it came,
Nor care nor think of what came first,
With vice and crime I'd brand my name,
And I would be like one accurst.
The world knows not what is the worst ;
Of life's low dregs men have to sup,

For this then I would freely thirst,
I'd snatch at life's most bitter cup,
And like a greedy maniac drink the poison up.

But one bright smile from thy dark eye,
Would save my soul from deep despair,
Quick from my face would sorrow fly,
And soon my heart would know no care.
The world would then seem bright and fair;
And quickly still my anxious mind,
Would spring again to life and there
Is nought on earth my soul would blind, [kind.
I'd soon be great 'neath thy controul so gentle and so

I'd kiss the tears from off thy cheek,
And anxious watch thy lovely face,
Or sit and hear thee sweetly speak,
And love each lineament to trace.
And I would seek aye to efface,
All thoughts of former years of grief,
Then lock thee in my fond embrace.
And thy lone heart would find relief,
When slumbering on my bosom time then would seem too brief.

I'd weep with thee when thou wert sad,
And smile with thee when thou wert gay
And I'd be glad when thou wert glad,
And we would banish strife away.
We'd learn to bless each happy day,
And fortune soon would on us beam,
Our future life would be for aye
A something like love's early dream,
And we would seek to be no more than what we are and seem.

Great God above, eternal Power!
What guides us through life's stormy path?
Is man the creature of an hour,
Or still the victim of Thy wrath?
Why ranges he the trackless wild?

Why sails he o'er the dark blue deep ?
Is he but Nature's fickle child,
To live and sleep, to wail and weep ?
Or is there in his bosom deep,
Implanted some mysterious power ?
To watch to ward, to cheer to keep,
And guard him in each lonely hour ?
Ah ! yes, tis love—it guides and cheers, and sometimes doth devour.

---

## TO——

WHY do I weep and sigh for what is past,
And fondest recollections still retain ?
My sighs are borne unheeded by the blast,
My tears but drop unseen upon the plain.

Why do I yearn for what may never be ?
Why hope when hope has left me quite forlorn ?
Why cherish in my heart a love of thee,
When from my breast thou'rt perhaps for ever torn ?

Oh ! ask me not—I cannot answer now,
My memory lingers on with fond regret,
'Tis vain to think our thoughts we can subdue,
Or teach the heart, " 'tis easy to forget."

One hope, one lonely hope will still remain,
When all besides is vanished, lost and gone,
'Tis this, our thoughts may ever be the same,
My heart be but an emblem of thine own.

If I am ever cast on some lone isle to pine,
Or laid upon the lonely couch of death,
My heart, my bleeding heart, will still be thine,
I'd breathe thy name, ay with my parting breath.

---

## ON HEARING SHE WAS MARRIED.

"Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers—it would have joined lands broad and rich—it would have joined at least *one* heart and two persons not ill matched in years (she was two years my elder)—and-and-and-what has been the result?"—BYRON.

AND art thou then another's bride?
Thee whom I loved so true, so well,
And we for ever must divide—
Then let me breathe a last farewell.

'Tis long, yes long since we two met,
And parted, ne'er to meet again—
That moment how can I forget
Of sorrow, grief, regret and pain.

I loved, yes deeply, madly loved,
But all my sighs and tears were vain,
No pity in thy bosom moved,
Thou smiled on me with cold disdain

In solitude I sought to hide,
The grief that slumber'd in my breast,
I shunned the world which would deride
Or treat me with its callous jest.

In beauteous scenes I'd often stray,
So silent, pensive, and alone,
Where Nature seem'd most bright and gay,
To sigh and weep—unseen, unknown.

Since then I've wander'd wide and far,
In many a sweet and lovely spot,
But still no matter when or where,
Thou never hast been once forgot.

I've mix'd amongst the gay and fair,
And they perchance on me have smil'd,
Then perhaps I have forgot my care,
And for a time my thoughts beguil'd.

And sometimes I have drained the cup,
Of dissipation to the last,
And like a madman drank it up,
Just for a time to drown the past,

Misfortune then o'erspread the scene,
And like a blight upon me fell,
So sharp, so bitter, and so keen ;
But why should I my sorrows tell ?

Oft when I've seen the evening star
Appear—I've watched its twinkling light,
And thought thou might be gazing there,
And that our souls would still unite.

I know that there are those who think,
'Twas better that you miss'd my fate ;
As if you paus'd on ruin's brink,
And stopp'd before it was too late.

Yes, let them think, for what care I—
That which is past we can't amend :
A few short years will quickly fly
And then my troubled course will end.

But, Oh ! if fate had join'd us two,
My time had been far better spent,
'The tenor of my whole life thro,'
Would then have been quite different.

But why repine when 'tis too late,
For if the truth were only known,
I should not blame a cruel fate,
For perhaps the fault was all mine own,

Then fare thee well, my first best love ;
May every blessing on thee pour,
May He who rules supreme above,
Guard thee in every trying hour,

May sweet contentment ever dwell,
Around thy home where'er that spot,
For I will ever wish them well,
Far better than my own dark lot.

---

## TO

* * * *

I GAZED upon her face so fair,
I watched each look and smile,
And that warm bosom well I knew,
Could never harbour guile.

I marked her calm and placid brow,
So beautiful and true,
I dwelt upon each glance that stole
From eyes of hazel hue.

I watched each movement of her form,
So graceful and so light,
I paused to catch each word she spoke,
With ears of fond delight,

A soft warm blush of roseate dye,
Suffused her maiden cheek,
Just like the setting sunlight's tinge,
On the snowy mountain peak.

No gloomy looks of wither'd hopes,
Seemed on that face to rest,
No anxious thoughts of care or fear,
To slumber in her breast.

Her soft warm bosom as it heaved,
Seem'd breathing full of love,
Her footsteps were as gentle,
As some being's from above,

Each word that fell from out her lips,
Were kindly and sincere,
Each smile that shone upon her face,
Was innocent and clear.

And more than once methought I gazed,
On something not of earth,
Her smile which looked so heavenly,
Seemed of angelic birth.

And as I gazed on her fair face,
My thoughts were all at rest,
And the cares and fears of life,
Soon left my aching breast.

All thoughts of self, all dreams of fame,
Quick vanished from my heart,
And one sole wish seem'd only there,
A wish we ne'er might part.

Methought can this be she of whom
I've dreamt in foreign climes,
Who hover'd round my sleepless couch,
Full many many times.

One dream I do remember well,
In which her lov'd form stole,
And breath'd soft music in mine ear,
Kind words into my soul.

She bid me bide my time and said,
The world was not all strife,
And though I long had suffered,
There was something good in life.

Since first we met one dreary dream
Has crossed my fever'd brain,
That she was now another's,
And that all my hopes were vain.

If such were true, Alas ! Alas !
What would my fate then be,
Life's future would seem only like
A wild and troubled sea.

The world would then seem cold and drear,
Black, dismal with despair,
And soon I'd seek some foreign clime,
To hide my sorrows there.

I'd meet the cold world's callous gaze,
With downward looks and fear,
Or only wish an early grave
To close life's dull career.

One smile from her, one precious smile,
I only ask for this.
To make my whole life different,
The world a sphere of bliss.

That smile may yet be mine perchance,
I only fear to ask,
To me it seems momentous,
And too difficult a task.

Come then my guardian angel, come,
And plead my little cause,
To thee is known my future fate,
And all love's hidden laws.

Use kindest words with sweetest smiles,
And hover like a sprite,
Around her to keep watch and ward,
Direct her dreams by night.

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One smile, one little smile but bring,
Each day, come use thy power;
And then perchance, yes! by and by
I'll get one every hour.

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## EN ROUTE POUR LA BELLE ITALIE.

On Geneva's pleasant lake,
Near "the meeting of the waters,"
We're sitting down our fasts to break,
And to discuss most serious matters.

The room is like a palace, no!
Nor yet a place of much profusion,
Silk dresses are flung round and show.
The whole in most complete confusion,

We've bread and butter, eggs and tea,
Things not the usual food of fairies,
But still you know, 'twixt you and me,
Folks cannot live where nought but air is.

We sing, we dance, we laugh, we mutter,
But do not quite forget the eating,
For Nina cuts the bread and butter,
Whilst all the time I keep repeating—

All sorts of things of Byron's writing;
Quite forgetting in the mean time,
The other things far more inviting,
Than baskets full of gloomy rhyme.

Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, De Stäel,
Have all dwelt on this " Lake of beauty :"
Thus Byron wrote, so to recall,
Their memories is a pleasant duty.

They doubtless were all in their day
A famous set of choicest spirits,
They wrote some queerish things folks say,
But we'll not here discuss their merits.

Poor Byron too a tale did tell,
Of Chillon's prison, damp and dreary,
His house is now a grand Hotel,
And Restaurant for travellers weary.

Yes, Byron's short unhappy life,
Was wretched made by tittle-tattle,
O'erclouded by domestic strife,
And foolish people's silly prattle.

He might have lived an ornament,
Amongst the brave, the wise and witty,
But he was full of discontent,
Oh ! what a pity ! what a pity ! !

We've seen Mont Blanc, we've seen the town,
We've seen a church without a steeple,
And as we wander up and down,
We think them very funny people.

They've got snub noses and dark hair,
Brown cheeks and eyes both black and furious,
And as we go about they stare—
At us, like something very curious,

The houses are so very high,
I've called them airy habitations,
But travellers one can't deny,
See different things in different nations.

They've got two names for this clear lake,
And sometimes it is called Lake Leman,
And if I do not quite mistake,
They've also got fresh water seame..

They've got—what is't they hav'nt got,
Seltzer wasser in black bottles,
They've also got some bitter beer,
Only it tastes a little queer.

Our night, one dark and dismal night,
The fair one near me woke up furious,
She said she had received a bite,
A bite from something very curious.

We struck a light, we hunted round,
We searched each fold, and there so snugly,
A little scented creature found,
Which some folks think is very ugly.

There was no miscroscope then near,
To trace its form and each lov'd feature,
But still from what we saw so clear,
'Twas an interesting creature.

But now good-bye, my sister dear,
"I'm not a poet now," and cannot
String rhymes as* when my heart was freer,
Or else I'd write a pretty sonnet.

ADIEU.

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* Tell this to the Ancient Mariner.

## THE LAY OF THE MUN'CIPALITIE.

"When a hero is to be pulled down and degraded it is best done in doggerel."—ADDISON.

THE Mun'cipal Cart was built with great care,
By that famous coachee Sir Bartlemy Frere,
Its wheels were by Cassel, its body was strong,
And Crawford the cartman went jogging along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
And the great Arthur Crawford went jogging along.

For a time Russel Aitken on the Cart got a lift,
Till Tulloch came forward and sent him adrift,
And their weight though 'twas heavy, the cart was thought strong,
So loaded with mangoes they jogged along.
Jogging along, jogging, along,
And they piled up the mangoes and jogged along.

They fill'd up the cart so heavy and full,
That the poor old moke no longer could pull,
And Hewlett and Maidment thought something was wrong,
As the Mun'cipal moke went jogging along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
The poor old brute he went jogging along.

The poor old Ass he might groan and perspire,
They piled on the agony higher and higher,
And when he resisted they gave him the thong,
And the wretched old Donkey went jogging along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
And the cart all topheavy went jogging along.

Payne Barras he swore that the ass should be eased,
While Blaney opin'd that the wheels should be greased,
And Forbes shook his head and said something was wrong,
For a Mun'cipal cart to go creaking along.
Creaking along, jogging along,
So they met and determined to come out quite strong.

Payne Barras he said 'twas a shame and a sin,
To hear the old Ass bray with such a loud din,
He vow'd he'd bring Crawford to book before long,
And upset the mangoe cart jogging along.
Jogging along jogging along,
And the o'erloaded Donkey went jogging along,

Then Hancock he heard the old Donkey one day,
Set up a most horrible terrible bray,
But he thought it was vice, and the Donkey was strong,
Just give him a poke and he'll jog, jog along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
And the Mun'cipal Donkey went jogging along,

And Crawford he swore that the Donkey he'd kill,
While Tulloch and Walton drove him up a big hill;
While Hewlett and Maidment were seen by the throng,
Perch'd on the mangoe cart jogging along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
And the worn out old Donkey went jogging along.

One day the old moke ran his head 'gainst a wall
Down, down came the Donkey—cart, driver and all,
Then smash went the shafts, which were not over strong,
And off went the Donkey, jog, jogging along,
Jogging along, jogging along,
And away went the mangoes, jog, jogging along.

The spill was for Arthur a very sad case,
He got such whack on a certain soft place,
And his *shadow* R. W. flourish'd the thong,
As they fell with a crash, jog, jogging along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
Off trotted the Donkey jog, jogging along.

Engineer Tulloch, the real Simon Pure,
Who came a long way the old cart to secure,
Was found on his back in an unfinish'd sewer,
Where he had measured his whole length long,

While the Donkey broke loose and went jogging along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
And he hectored and swore at the clamouring throng.

And Hewlett the Crowner fell near the brink
Of a cesspool from which came a horrible stink,
And when he was found he was singing this song:
"Go it you cripples" jog, jogging along,
Jogging along, jogging along.
And he pick'd himself up and went jogging along.

Payne Barras he look'd with a sardonic grin,
And said "it was only that rotten linch pin,"
While Forbes "*wunk*" his eye and explained what was wrong,
With the Mun'cipal cart jog jogging along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
They'd soon have another one jogging along.

A Justice of Peace with a very long name,
Came up and declar'd 'twas a horrible shame,
Give him the reins and he'd show the throng,
How the Mun'cipal cart should go jogging along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
Without any "zoolum" he'd jog, jog along.

A learned Bengalee who enter'd the ring,
Said the mildest Hindoo wouldn't do such a thing,
And a plaintive Parsee came out rather strong,
Anent the old donkey cart jogging along,
Jogging along, jogging along,
Give him plenty of gram and he'll go jogging along.

A gay gallant knight standing by then came near,
A Bee in his bonnet, a quill in his 'ear.
Said he, "I'm the only man in the whole throng,"
Who can make both the cartman and donkey jog on.
Jogging along, jogging along,
To the "ends of the earth,"* he'd go jogging along.

* The Elphinstone Bunders.

That canny man McLean said things might be worse,
Which Ormiston back'd as a matter of course,
If they'd give them the job they'd make the cart strong,
And off to the Prongs Light they'd jog, jog along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
With new axle and wheels they'd go jogging along.

The grave Justice Wood said twas just in his line,
He could mend the old cart if they'd give him some twine.
'Hoot awa'—mon," says Taylor, "that wull no' last long,
The Ass is ower dune and he'll no gang along."
Jogging along, jogging along,
Give him water, says Morland, and then he'll jog on.

The great Arthur looked valiant, though bother'd and grim,
He patted the Donkey, examin'd each limb;
Then he swore he was right and all others were wrong
And he jump'd on the cart and went jogging along;
Jogging along, jogging along,
"I'll drive him to Hades† jog, jogging along."

Then in the Town Hall each man took his part,
And discuss'd the old moke and the Mun'cipal Cart,
The Meeting was crowded and noisy and long,
But they couldn't decide how the Moke could jog on.
Jogging along, jogging along,
The poor old Donkey could not jog along.

Then Robinson, Connon, Maxwell and Wood,
Besides many more, said all that they could
About the old Cart, which Crawford withstood.
Then he answer'd them all in a speech loud and long,
And swore that the Donkey could still jog along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
He'd cobble the cart and go jogging along.

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† The Colaba Asylum.

Smith, Norojee, Jones, Dadabhai, and old Brown,
Have been laughing and joking all over the town,
At the awful capsize, but they own it was wrong
To o'erload the Donkey jog, jogging along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
First take off a lac or two, then jog along.

Doctor Gerald FitzSeymour has look'd at the brute,
And says its o'erdone—which ends the dispute,
He'll have a new lighter cart built before long
And then the poor Ass can go jogging along,
Jogging along, jogging along,
And they won't break his back as he's jogging along.

*July*, 1871.

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## ADDENDA.

But the case was more hopeless than when 'twas seen first,
The moke bray'd and panted as if he would burst,
Then turn'd up his eyes as if he were gone,
And his ribs were all bare as he jogged along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
And folks said he'd die if he still jogged along.

Then Councillor Tucker put on a grave face,
And said a Committee should sit on the case,
While Rogers concurred in language quite strong,
Saying 'twas very certain things could not jog on.
Jogging along, jogging along,
A Committee then sat and went jogging along,

That "dear man" Arthur had gone the whole hog,
He'd driven the moke till no longer he'd jog;
He'd fed him on promises now for so long,
'Stead of thistles, which donkies are always fed on.
Jogging along, jogging along,
And the hungry old donkey went jogging along.

Besides the great Arthur, in proof of his skill,
In driving the Donkey had emptied the till;
Not a R. A. P. could they find to feed the moke on;
Not a stiver to keep the old cart jogging on.
Jogging along, jogging along,
He'd pledg'd all his traps to keep jogging along.

Poor Arthur no longer the crowd dared to meet,
But made what may be call'd a "timely retreat,"
When last he was seen 'twas the end of the Prong,
With a mob at his heels jog, jogging along.
Jogging along, jogging along,
The law dogs he slipped and went jogging along.

Doctor Hopeful, being press'd, took the matter in hand,
Being a case which "no fellow could quite understand,"
And as dealing with donkies was what he'd done long,
He'd be handsomely paid if he'd make the moke strong.
Jogging along, jogging along,
So perch'd on the cart he's now jogging along.

*December*, 1871.

## PORTRAIT OF A BON VIVANT.

DRUNK, didst thou say ?
Ay and what's more,
Reeling up and down and to and fro.
That beer swilling, brandy bibbing dog ?
A river fill'd with liquor flowing o'er,
He'd drink quite dry, and then he'd ask for more.
Thou cans't not make him drunk, Ah ! no, no, no.
He drinks like a fish and wallows like a hog,
Thou mights't as well just try to drown a frog,
And when he dies don't say of drink he perish'd,
But write on his tomb that he was over-nourished.

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## IN MATTERS OF LOVE.

IN matters of love 'twixt the brave and the fair,
Things used to go on without fear or care,
But now making love is no longer such fun,
With beef at one six and coals fifty a ton.
Fifty a ton, fifty a ton,
Who on earth can get wed with coals fifty a ton.

To go marry folks first must count the expense,
If they don't they show want of reason and sense,
When they reckon the total it cannot be done,
With mutton a shilling, coals fifty a ton.
Fifty a ton, fifty a ton,
Even love will not burn with coals fifty a ton.

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## DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Oh! Livingstone, thy name is true and good,
Thou art no common man of flesh and blood.
Who could such toil and travel e'er survive,
As thou endur'st and then return alive.
Thou art a man of sinew, pluck and bone,
The world's last wonder: a true living stone.

Aye quite a living stone—head, limb and shoulder,
And not a milestone or a hard big boulder,
Nor a moss gatherer, but quite a roller;
A wanderer in strange scenes, not a mere stroller,
A plodder through vast wilds and unknown lands,
O'er mountains, rivers, lakes and burning sands.

Thy skill, thy courage, and thy bold endeavour
T'unseal Earth's secrets will be known for ever,
And when thou wast discovered by brave Stanley,
His deed was brave and bold, noble and manly.
Thou can'st not die, for when thy course is run,
Still thou wilt be the world's great Livingstone.

1872.

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## EPIGRAM.

I hate a man puff'd up with self-conceit,
Whose art is Envy and his soul Deceit,
In whose thick head and sodden sackless brain,
Of common sense there's not a single grain,
Stupid as an ass and sour as a hog,
Without a pleasant word e'en for a dog,
With narrow mind and low contracted soul,
A strutting coxcomb and a purse-proud fool.

I hate the man who with deceitful art
Will on another play so vile a part,
As with false friendship and affected smile,
Lay snares to catch him, and with tricks so vile
Betray his confidence so unsuspecting,
When nought but friendship he is then expecting.

I'd bring such fellows to the lowest level—
I hate them *aye worse than I hate the devil.*

---

## EPIGRAM ON

* * *

MARK, villain, this—I'll brand thy worthless name
With cowardice, infamy, treachery and shame:
Stained as it is with crimes of blackest dye,
Then hand it down to immortality.

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## VENUS AND MARS.

No wonder the world's fill'd with love and with wars,
Since our planet is placed betwixt Venus and Mars.

## ON PREDESTINATION.

After hearing a Scotch Minister preach a sermon thereon.

By your doctrine of Predestination 'tis plain,
That some are born good and some evil ;
Then what is the use trying heaven to gain,
If predestined to go to the devil ?

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## THE LASSES.

You tell me, I know, I should not love the lasses,
I own 'tis a folly, but what can one do ?
They enliven the heart, cheer each moment that passes,
By their sweet winning looks e'en a stoic they'd subdue.

To love and to kiss them shows a youth's fire and spirit,
'Tis not wrong, no such thing, then I do't when I can.
They were given to man that he might them inherit,
To love them and cherish only shows you're a man.

The sly jades ! they're up to all sorts of deception,
They'll tease and torment, pierce your heart thro' and thro.
But they're all love at their hearts aye love to perfection,
Then I'll love them, yes, sure, what else can I do ?

Besides, love has spread o'er the wide universe,
All feel it though some won't acknowledge its sway,
I for one will let nature just have its true course,
As for sages and prudes I care not what they say.

Then away with your cant of 'tis wicked and sinful!
In the wise of all ages examples we see.
Go preach to the senseless, the soulless, and simple,
You may take all the rest leave the lasses for me.

Let them blow up love's flame till the soul's fire is glowing,
For there's nought in this world half so lovely to see
Then fill up a goblet till it's overflowing,
And drink to the lasses, drink to them with glee.

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## WOMAN.

### A SKETCH BY A MISANTHROPE.

"Yet I can't contradict what's so often been said,
Though women are angels yet wedlock's the devil."—BYRON.

"Oh! lovely woman, lovely to deceive—deception in its most exquisite form."—*Old Play.*

WHAT is man's chief cause of woe?
What can fill his soul with sorrow?
What on Earth's his greatest foe?
What should be his greatest terror?

There is something I can vouch
Destroys your peace, believe it all men,
That should be dreaded very much:
A wicked, sly, deceitful woman.

Can aught to man such trouble give?
Is she not a perpetual torment?
Content and happy he would live,
But she embitters every moment.

When youth on this life's stage doth start
So unsuspecting and so young,
She lays her snares to trap his heart,
Nor knows till by her venom stung.

Then like her mother Eve so wicked,
Who was Adam's first deceiver,
She'll win his heart, then basely break it,
And wreck his peace of mind for ever.

Her end, her aim, her whole employment
Is to make some youth her victim;
Her pastime and her chief enjoyment,
Is to win hearts and then—to break them.

Some may extol and lavish praises
Upon her form and each fine feature,
Her symmetry so like the Graces,
And say she is a charming creature.

Some tell you of the love that gloweth
In her warm bosom, soft and fair;
But, simple youth, he little knoweth
What deep deceit lies lurking there.

In some there may be virtue found,
But such an one's a rare exception;
Let her be tried, and I'll be bound,
She's in her heart's-core deep deception.

Her winning words may speak of bliss,
She's nought but vanity and vexation;
A look's a curse, but oh! a kiss,
'Tis utter ruin, 'tis sure d——n—tion.

Of all that's good she is the bane,
The very root of all that's evil;
Let parsons prate I'll this maintain
That wedlock's * * * * and she's the * * * * *.

Does she not blacken history's page,
With her dark actions unforgotten?
Of cruelty in every age
She always has been at the bottom.

The soaring eagle you may cage,
The lion may be caught and strung,—
But who can still the ocean's rage,
Or who can rule a woman's tongue.

* * * *

Henceforth be wary of each look,
Be cautious, and approach her never:
If once you take her bait, the hook
Will lead your footsteps wrong for ever.

Oh! guide my footsteps, gracious Heaven,
Preserve me all ye powers above,
Nor let me be distracted driven
By women's wiles and woman's love.

For she is man's chief cause of grief,
'Tis she that makes him melancholy;
'Tis she who steals his heart, sly thief,
Then is not love a youthful folly?

---

## A DUSKY EVE.

### A NEW MADRIGAL.

A DUSKY Eve, one dewy morn,
With timid steps, came tripping o'er
The verdant grass, through bush and thorn,
The tangled jungles to explore.

She peeped behind each shrub and tree
Casting her wary glances round,
With supple limbs, so light and free,
She bounded o'er the broken ground.

She stooped to pick the mangoes sweet,
And fruit from stately tamarind,
That lay around about her feet,
All scatter'd by the waving wind.

High up in air, rose o'er her head
The straight and graceful Toddy Palm;
It's drooping branches fan-like spread,
Moved by a zephyr breeze so calm.

And as she paus'd and gazed around,
A furry Squirrel, strip'd and sprightly,
Came leaping on along the ground,
Then with a spring, climb'd up so lightly.

With it's small tongue it lapp'd the sap,
That ooz'd beneath the branches prickly;
It's tiny teeth going tap, tap, tap,
Then squeaking it ran down as quickly.

A cunning Mina, which flew by,
Amongst it's branches next came hopping;
Chattering, chirping, looking sly,
Pecking the vinous liquid dropping.

A Lizard speckled and long tailed,
Next climbed the tree upon "all fours;
While darting round, it never fail'd,
To suck the juice, as bees suck flowers.

Then mounted on the palm tree's top,
An old black Crow so 'cute and knowing;
With his long beak soon filled his crop,
And all the time kept "kawa-kawing."

Then darted by the Parrots green
With screeching noise, each other chasing ;
And there a stray one might be seen,
Swinging from bough and toddy tasting.

The twittering Sparrows hopp'd about,
Eye'd by a brown-wing'd Pheasant Crow,
While fluttering birds flew in and out,
Their nests suspended from a bough.

A little Ringdove perched near,
Not drinking as the rest were doing;
But calling for its " pretty dear,"
And plaintively kept " coo-a-cooing."

At length a Serpent, long and slim,
Wound round the tree its freckled body,
And slowly to the top did climb,
To quench it's thirst with palm tree toddy.

It small bright eyes grew strange and glassy
When of the toddy it had plenty,
Then, crawling to the ground so grassy,
It lay down like a sleepy sentry.

Our Dusky Eve, now looking round,
To see if there was anybody,
With agile steps sprang from the ground,
And up the tree to suck the toddy.

It was so sweet, so good, so nice,
And so delicious, and so cooling,
That once 'twas tasted, in a trice
The appetite there was no ruling.

She suck'd and drank the live-long day,
Till like a vessel overbrimming,
Then down upon the green sward lay,
And soundly slept, but strangely dreaming.

She dreamt that she was in a bower,
And there, unconscious as she slept,
O'erspread by every fragrant flower,
A lovely serpent near her crept.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

It whispered softly in her ear,
Bedewing her dark lips with kisses ;
But still she thought 'twas somewhat queer,
A serpent never speaks, it hisses.

* * * * *
* * * * *

With sudden start, at dawning hour,
She 'woke and saw the snake receding,
And in its mouth it held a flower,
Fit emblem ! it's called " Love lies bleeding."

* * * * *
* * * * *

---

## ON PARTING.

THERE is something—a something so deeply we feel,
That creeps o'er the spirits and lingereth there ;
It is something, I know, but still cannot reveal,
'Tis a mingling of love, hope, regret, fear and care.

All unconscious the breast heaves a half suppress'd
sigh,
Which betrays the emotions that thro' the heart rend;
And all listless a tear glistens bright in the eye,
When we say fare farewell, when we part with a friend.

We pause, and we watch them receding from view,
Our thoughts follow after, regret gives us pain,
We sigh—Ah! they're gone, we have bid them adieu!
Fear and care seem to say, We'll perhaps ne'er meet
again.

For a time melancholy pervades the whole frame,
In dull gloomy sadness we sorrow and mourn:
But love stimulates at the sound of their name,
And hope whispers, Yes! they again may return.

Such were the emotions that thrilled thro' my heart,
And such were the thoughts that came crowding on
me;
'Twas in sadness and silence I saw thee depart,
'Twas with heartfelt regret that I parted with thee.

---

## TO ANNIE.

When we two seated
Around the warm hearth,
We each other greeted
With innocent mirth;
Life then was all pleasure,
Our hearts beat so lightly;
Thus seated at leisure,
The moments flew fleetly.

How gay was that smile
On each face so clear,
So free from all guile
We nought had to fear.
Sweet cheerfulness beamed
In each tearless eye,
And bright visions gleamed
As the moments flew by.

The world lay concealed
All unconscious were we,
Of the strife unrevealed
On this life's troubled sea.
Hatred, envy and spite
Ne'er ruffled the mind,
Round our hearts young and light,
Love and friendship entwin'd.

But time, quick and fleeting,
Glides along like a stream;
And still keeps retreating,
All seems but as a dream.
Our youthful days fly,
And age comes creeping;
And we think with a sigh
Of the years past and gone.

Still memory will cast,
A fond glance oft behind,
Pause to gaze on scenes past.
As they crowd on the mind.
We will love to retrace
The sweet scenes where we roved,
Picture up many a face
That so kindly we loved.

When memory recals
These bright visions of youth;
My ramblings and strolls,
And companions in mirth;

With every gay scene
And sweet face so fair,
Though seas intervene
Thou, thou, shalt be there.

The time may soon come
When we two shall sever,
And far from our home
Separated for ever.
Amidst the gay throng,
Or across the wide sea,
I ask but one thing,
Wilt thou think of me ?

May the happy home
Be the sweetest on earth,
So joyous and calm;
Such a home thou art worth!
And may Heaven bless thee
With all tongue can tell;
My heart e'er shall wish thee
Both happy and well.

---

## TO ANNIE.

THERE is a bosom swells with love for thee,
A heart that beats with rapture and delight;
And one whose soul is loving, kind and free,
To thee his thoughts oft wing their rapid flight.

Ah, yes! to thee my thoughts will often turn
When I am far away, or lone I be;
But whilst for thee I live, I love, I burn,
Say, dost thou ever cast a thought on me ?

## COME, MEET ME BY THE RIVER, ANNIE.

COME, meet me by the river, Annie,
When the sun is shining bright,
Then together we will wander,
Mingling pleasure with delight.
Will pass the short, but joyous time
In some quiet shady grove,
Whilst birds in concert sweetly chime
To our kisses and our love.
Come, meet me by the river, Annie,
Meet me by the river.

Then our hearts will beat with rapture
At every sweet embrace,
And the stream with gurgling melody
Will lend enchantment to the place.
Beneath the ivied rocks and trees
Through each lonely dell we'll stray,
Or rest upon the mossy bank
'Till the gloaming of the day.
Come, meet me by the river, Annie,
Meet me by the river.

---

## SONG.

THERE was a girl whom I knew well,
And she was rather pretty;
She fell in love, but truth to tell,
Oh! she was much to pity.

*Chorus.* Oh! young ladies, if in love you be,
Mind do not let the object of your affections see.

She sighed and smil'd upon the swain,
So sweetly and bewitchingly;
No matter wind, no matter rain,
For him she would be watching.

But he did turn his head aside,
Nor heeded her sly glances;
He grew more cold the more she tried,
And shunn'd all her advances.

His conduct she could not explain,
For he seem'd to despise her;
And seeing all her hopes were vain,
She wonder'd "where his eyes were."

And when she'd tried each winning look,
And used her utmost power—
Still finding he'd not take the "hook,"
She said "the grapes were sour."

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## T' NORTHERN FARMER.

Old style after Tennyson.

Proputty, proputty, proputty au tüke mi fäather's advise,
I wedded a lass wi' munny an' my müther sed au wär wise;
Proputty, proputty, proputty, she'd land an' goupings o' gould,
Left by an ädd miser fäather, which mäade her mightily pröod.

He'd scrap'd up a gïd bit o' munny bi' a' soörts of
underhand wäays,
And proputty, proputty, proputty was what he'd tried
for ā's däays;
His oäd wife he'd pinch'd säe sairly till folk sëd he'd
starv'd her to deaäth,
An' his lad tüke t' Därnton trod an' turn'd out a horse
coupin' thief.

But his daughter stüde bi' him till t'last, an' grew up
unread and untaught,
For proputty, proputty, proputty, was t'only thing
entered his thought;
She wör a straapping big hussy an' stalkt about byre
'mäang t'cöos,
And bang'd aböot t'säarvants baith indoors an' outside
t'hoose.

Shë'd milk t'cöos, fodder t'calves, spane a foal or gan'
plëwing,
Or maäk hay and dig dykes, set' tatëes or turnips gan
hoöeing;
An' mi' faäther an' müther syke an' a wife she'd
maäk me they sëd,
So au tüke thaär advise an' went off an' axed her to
wed.

I giëd up t' pärson's nice däughter an' gät wed ti big
Peggy Tärn,
She didn't knaäw ought aböot larnin' but my faädder
he sed she'd läarn;
Her proputty, proputty, proputty ye knaw wör sic an
a caätch,
Aü müd riäde a güd bit aboot t'cöontry ti find syke an'
ööther läke maätch.

At öny toön ënd ye müd stöop an' pick up wi' that's
at's nöought,
But a lass wi' a lot o' proputty was räayther häard to
find out;

So proputty, proputty, proputty au wedded wi' Maggy
yäa daäy,
An' oär naägs thëy sëd proputty, proputty, as fräe
t' church we bäith caäntered awaäy.

We hadn't been wed büune a month when Maggy
flew at me straäng,
She sed au waur ogling t'lasses an' that ä things waur
gan'ing wraäng;
An'd if au säat doön in t' nüuke to hae a bit o' a
reaäd,
She'd snaäch t' büuke oot o' mi han' an' baäng it rëet
at mi hëead.

My bitnaäg au'd oälwaäys beän us'd ti when au waänted
a ride,
She sent out t'd feälds caärting maänner, an sëd she'd
bring döon mi präide,
Her proputty, proputty, proputty, waärn't t' keep aidle
men,
Her tüung waäd a deavened a donkey t' woär wäur
than an auld clockin' hen.

Then tweä baärns caäm an' Peggy grew feckless an'
laäzy,
An' things gaät säe queer an' baäd au thöot au'd waäd
a gaän craäzy;
For whäat ti di wi' her au reälly couldn't weel think,
So au went off ti t'aud Naäg's Heaäd an' gat mysen
fuddled wi' drink.

Au things went wraäng an' crosswäys, t' cöos went
astraäy,
An oär munny au gaät spent an' süune it was swaätter'd
awaäy;
Oär turnups an graäs an' t'other crops didn't seem to
gaän rëet,
T' beästs didn't get enüf fodder an' there niver woär
ought to eat.

T' baärns graaped aboöt ony whaär nigh lost amaäng t' mire,
An' went roaming aboöt amaäng pigs or in t'eäd coö byre;
'Twoär enüf t' maäk yaäns haärt bleäd saär to seë,
I graät mysen blind an' faänely wad like to lig doön to deë.

Woär proputty, proputty, proputty, ä went ti ruin an' wraäck,
An' neither mysen nor t' baärns had hardly a rag to äne's back;
An' Maggy, 'twixt greätin' an' scaudin' öny maäde things waärse,
Her proputty, proputty, proputty, had been nought else but a curse.

Au thought when things gaät ti t'waärst, why mäybe they'd turn an' mend,
But woär proputty, proputty, proputty waäd väry süne be at an end;
We'd raäsed a güd bit o' munny on t' land thro' Mewburn lawyer,
An' if it waärnt paid by Martinmas then t'time'd expire.

For t' Lord's saäke what shall au di nöo au t' proputty's gaäne,
Drown mysen in t' Tees or knock out mi braäins wi' a staäne;
Mi müther thought she woär wäise, an' mi faäther woär sure 'twas rëet,
An' au gied up mi luüv an' wedded thöf au didn't quite see't.

Taäk heed, lads, when you're yuüng munny's vära weel in its waäy,
But proputty, proputty, proputty taäks t' its heels an' caänters awaäy;
An' then if there's na luüve, why just luüke at mysel,
Au'd better been deaäd or drown'd in some oäd deep well.

## A DREAM.

In the Cathedral of Eternity—
Wherein high Time hold his imperial reign,
And stars, like mystic torches, burn for ever—
The Queen of Night lay down, to rise no more ;
The hum of men was hushed by some cold thoughts,
They knew not what ; the winds rustled and moaned
For sleep in every corner ; Night's breath grew thick,
And dark-browed Fancy leapt from wall to wall,
Then aged Time grew listless on his throne ;
The mighty Sea's innumerable waves
Were heard no longer pacing down the sands.
A fearful step was hurrying—then Death came
Closing the doors of Life, one after one,
And all Eternity was hushed and still.

KYRIE ELSARDON.

*Vide "Temple Bar," March* 1873.

## A WHIM.

IN a cathedral city old and grimy,
Where High Church dignitaries pompously reign,
And gas lights flicker in the fitful wind,
One night I lay down in a ditch to snore ;
The hum of men was hushed, cold was the night,
I knew not where I was ; the wind rush'd round
Each dismal corner ; my hoarse voice was thick,
And my wild fancy leapt, my brain did whirl,
The deep chimes tolled with a sullen tone ;
And watchful Bobs, with helmets, capes and staves,
Were heard slow pacing up and down bye lanes,
Then from a wide space, near the Deanery,
A Peeler's heavy tread came near, he looked down,
Then flash'd his bull's-eye o'er my prostrate form
And swore I'd bibb'd too muchly overnight.

A CHURCHWARDEN.

# THE BYRON MYSTERY.

## ALNABY HALL:

### WHERE BYRON SPENT HIS HONEYMOON.

"——I saw him stand
Before an altar—with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood;"———THE DREAM.

(*Transcribed from my commonplace book dated 18th August* 1844).

'TWAS in the Autumn of 1844 when I was residing in the neighbourhood of the village of Croft, where there is a spa of mineral waters, when I paid a visit to Alnaby Hall, rendered famous by its having been the place to where Byron repaired immediately after his marriage to Miss Milbanke. Alnaby Hall *was* one of the family seats of Sir Ralph Milbanke. It is situate a short distance from the village of Croft, along the road to Richmond.

"Richmond on the banks of Swale,
Where rumour learned another tale."—SCOTT.

It was on a fine Sunday afternoon, about the middle of August, and the walk there was pleasant and agreeable; the cornfields on each side of the road were looking very ripe and golden. When I arrived at the lodge I was admitted by an elderly woman, who directed me along the main carriage drive up to the Hall.

Notwithstanding that I had been told the place was unoccupied, and had been for some time, still I was not prepared to meet with such a scene of desolation as there presented itself. The gravel walks were overgrown with grass and weeds—the hall was completely deserted and going to decay—the principal entrance was tottering on its pillars—the windows were half blocked up—the large fish-pond or lake in front of the hall was half choked with rushes and water sedges, and appeared to be fast filling up. I went close to the hall, and looked through some of the

half-closed windows into what appeared to be a large drawing room. In the room, there were two splended mirrors, with gilded frames and a very fine white marble fireplace beautifully sculptured and which I was afterwards told had cost one thousand guineas. Traversing round the house, nothing more dreary, dull, and desolate could be imagined! the rose and the woodbine were there in rich profusion, but they had been allowed to run quite wild.

I wandered about in the surrounding groves, the paths through which were either overgrown with weeds or choked up with underwood. Still the thrushes and other birds innumerable made the place somewhat merry with their melodious strains, whilst the wild pigeon's coo! coo! in the thick mazes of the untrodden and unfrequented woods sounded like a dirge for the departed Poet, who once sat musing in these sombre glades.

The stables where the tramp and neighing of many a noble steed had once been heard, were quite unoccupied, and huge padlocks hung at each door. I walked along several circuitous paths, with the hope of finding some solitary inhabitant, some ancient retainer or faithful old servant, who could tell me more about the place and something concerning the noble poet; but no! all was as quiet and silent as if a plague had visited the spot and swept away the "last man"—the only signs of life besides the birds were some fine cattle quietly grazing on the extensive lawn which stretched in front of the hall, and there was some appearance of cultivation in the kitchen garden.

After wandering about for more than half an hour I began to feel so much oppressed with the utter dreariness of the place that I was almost afraid of the sound of my own footsteps, or alarmed at the fluttering of the birds which started up when I intruded into their lonely haunts.

It was melancholy to think that this once beautiful spot was now a wilderness and almost a ruin.

"I've sometimes gazed with admiration even on a ruin."

It might have been enlivened by the gladsome voices of the numerous offspring of the noble poet, had he been

"A favourite of Fate."

It might have become hallowed by being the place from whence sprang the highest aspirations and the most glorious effusions of his gifted intellect—and possibly a retreat in his old age—had his marriage been prosperous and his home a happy one, but it was not so.

In returning I took time to notice the surrounding scenery, which was very fine and the views extensive.

I enquired at the lodge of the woman if she knew aught of Byron. She said she had been there more than 28 or 29 years, and could recollect his coming through the same gateway on the day of his marriage, which was celebrated at Seaham—another seat of the Milbánke's. She said he was a very fine man, but very strange and queer: he used to sleep all day whilst his wife would be walking about alone, and then he sat up and studied all night. He lived at Alnaby four months and was only there that once. The woman seemed to have an idea that he had both his feet deformed, or, as she said, "two club feet." I told her that was a mistake.

The hall and the estate have since passed out of the hands of the Milbanke family, the purchaser being a Mr. Todd.

Very shortly after this visit to Alnaby Hall, and while I was still living in the neighbourhood, I was told a tale which was current amongst the old people of the village and the countryside. It was told to me by one of the inhabitants—and though I cannot vouch for its strict accuracy, still the person who told me the story was one on whose veracity I could place great reliance,—being no other than the good honest wife of a respectable farmer who lived, and had long lived, on the estate; and who related the tale in such a way as to give one no idea that it was a piece of scandal which she was fond of detailing, but quite the reverse. And

who remarked, " Poor Lord Byron, he took things very crosswise and badly ; but he need not, for there never was a better soul than Lady Milbanke, though she was a little fond of——"

No ! Mrs. Grundy, I don't intend to to tell you the story, now, I shall keep it for a future edition—or leave it to the British Museum, to be opened in the year 1900, like Byron's friend Sir John Cam Hobhouse.

The story probably never travelled 20 miles beyond the village where I heard it. This much will I at present disclose, namely that the story explained completely why Lady Byron did not sue for a divorce, and all the sad circumstances which led to a separation; also why Dr. Lushington advised the family not to take any legal steps in so painful a matter, because they could not do so without——— but I'll not say any more, only that " DOMESTIC" so photographically SKETCHED by Lord Byron, who as he said was

> " Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
> Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head."

And again

> " If mothers, none know why before her quake,
> And daughters dread her for the mother's sake."

Knew a good deal about it. But the story has not a trace of resemblance to the libellous one put forward by that abominable old FRUMP Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who, if I remember rightly, has a similar nauseous tale in one of her trashy novels, " Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—seeming to take a delight in offensive stories. That busybody may now, however, look nearer home, and she will find enough to satisfy the cravings of her peculiar appetite. I thought of publishing the true tale at the time the controversy was going on, but did not for various reasons.

That which I heard about Byron has, however, nothing very romantic in it, being merely another curious Comedy of Errors, which began in very early days after his marriage.

If any young lady wishes to know the secret I don't mind telling it to her when we are alone, as (in the words of Sam Weller) "the gen'lman said when he kissed his sweetheart." And if any old gossip wants to know I would not mind disclosing the same on receipt of a fee of one guinea, duly remitted by P. O. order, or even postage stamps; on one condition only, that she will not disclose the secret till the lapse of fifty years, or that she leaves it as a legacy to her grandchildren.

## FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH.

FRIENDS of life's spring time, have you gone for aye ;
Those whom my heart vow'd to love for ever—
And I now weep for loved ones far away,
Ties of my youth which time too soon did sever.

But my lone heart, though nought else there should stay,
The mem'ry of those friends shall cherish ever ;
Time changes all, sorrow and despair
Life's early dreams of devotion soon impair.

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